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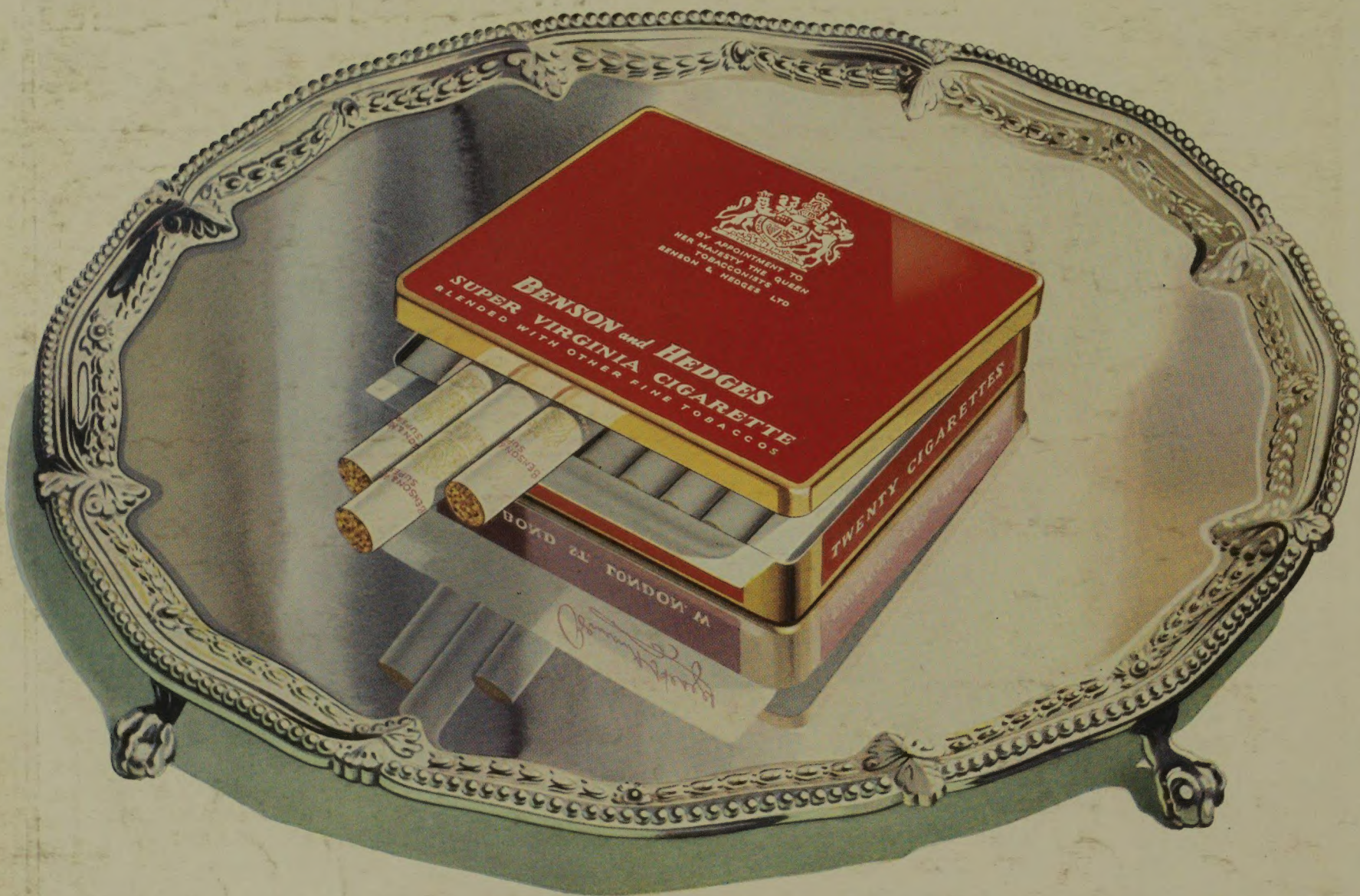
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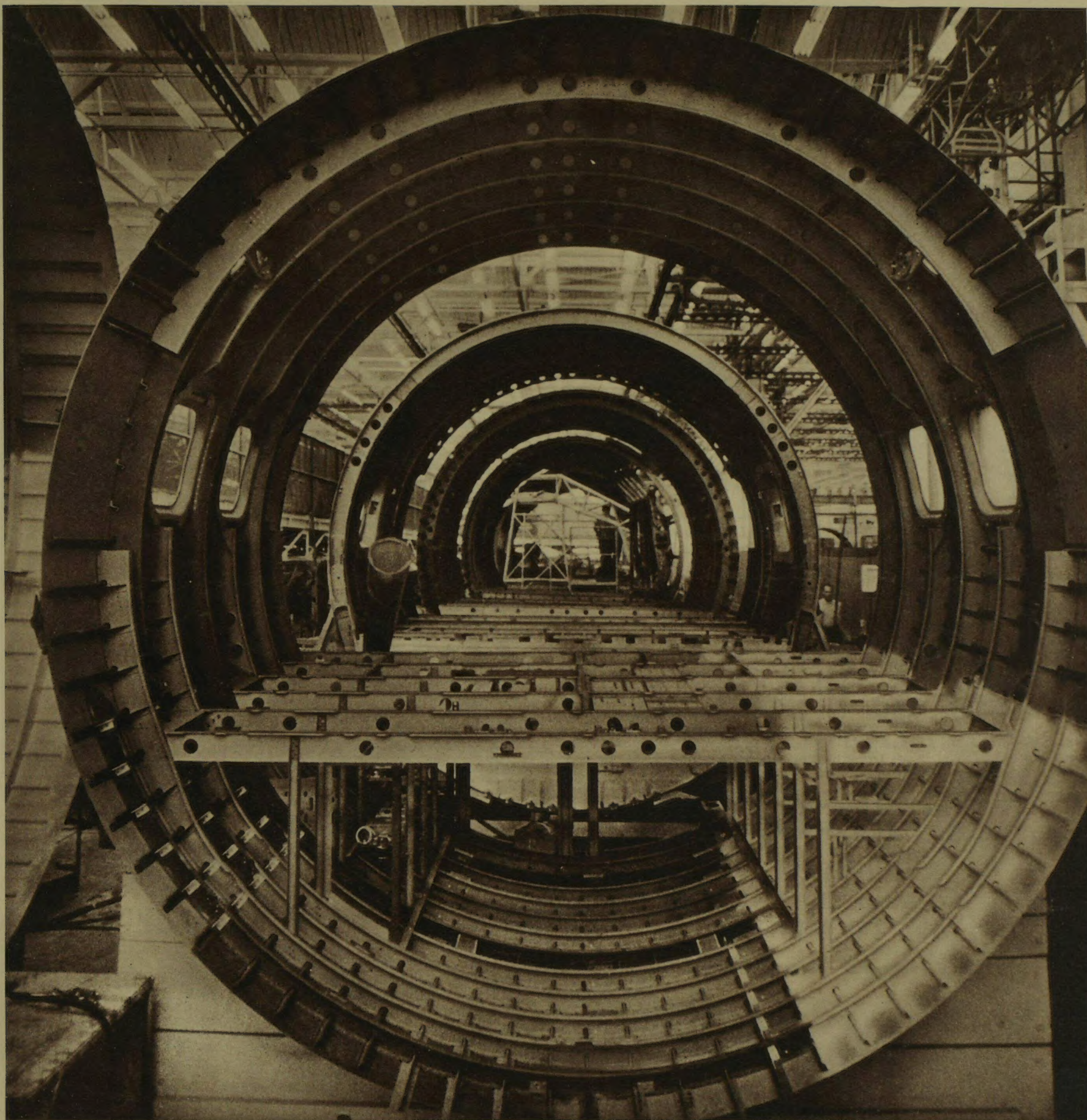
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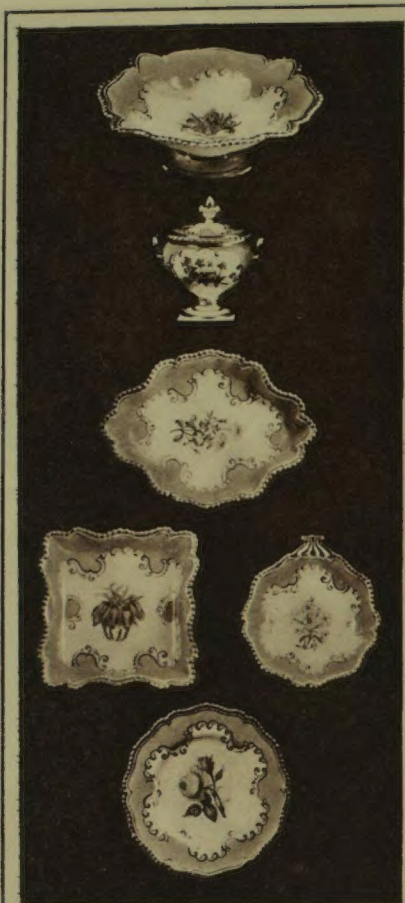
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PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

IT often seems incredible how many art and antique dealers are to be found in many different parts of London. Their quantity and variety bear witness to a huge demand and great diversity of taste among collectors, for presumably all of them must have their customers. The final weeks of summer, when there are only relatively few special exhibitions, provide a good opportunity to investigate some of those countless dealers who are off your normal track. Those weeks of quiet, however, are now drawing to a close and the full flood of exhibitions and auctions is about to start.

Already the superb Monet Exhibition, which was arranged for the Edinburgh Festival, is to be seen at the Tate Gallery. A selection of over 100 paintings illustrate the development of this French genius, who, unlike so many of his contemporaries, enjoyed great popularity for a large part of his long life, though in the thirty years since Monet's death his reputation has been somewhat overshadowed by the great rise to favour of a number of those contemporaries. This important exhibition should do much to put the work of Claude Monet into its proper perspective.

There is a fine Monet "Nymphaea" to be seen in the forthcoming exhibition of Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century French Paintings, which starts at the Lefevre Gallery, Bruton Street, on October 3. This small, but interesting, exhibition also includes two flower pieces and a portrait by Fantin-Latour, two powerful Delacroixs, and three Picassos,

among them the beautifully-drawn pastel "Tête d'Homme," which dates from 1921. Round the corner from the Lefevre Gallery, the Beaux Arts Gallery has an exhibition of recent paintings by John Bratby, which amply confirms his leading position among the younger contemporary artists. At Roland, Browse and Delbanco, in Cork Street, there is an interesting selection of drawings and maquettes by Henry Moore, together with recent paintings by the Italian artist, Guido Pajetta.

Those seeking Old Masters will find a group of fine eighteenth-century French paintings at Wildenstein's, in New Bond Street, while close by, at Matthiesen's, a varied selection of paintings and drawings is to be seen. In Old Bond Street the collector may find a great variety of temptation in Messrs. Agnew's exhibition of Old Masters at under £200. Alfred Brod, in Sackville Street, shows a pleasing collection of Dutch and Flemish works, among them a gem-like small landscape by Jan Wijnants and a fine example of early still-life painting by Clara Peeters.

The auction room season starts at Christie's on October 1 with the three-day sale of Furniture and Works of Art from the collection of the late Mrs. Alice Pleydell-Bouverie. This includes porcelain, pottery and objects of art from China, England and the Continent, and a group of over fifty mirrors. Sotheby's do not start their season until October 17, when they have a sale of Jewellery. Their first picture sale—Eighteenth Century and Modern Drawings and Paintings—is on October 23.

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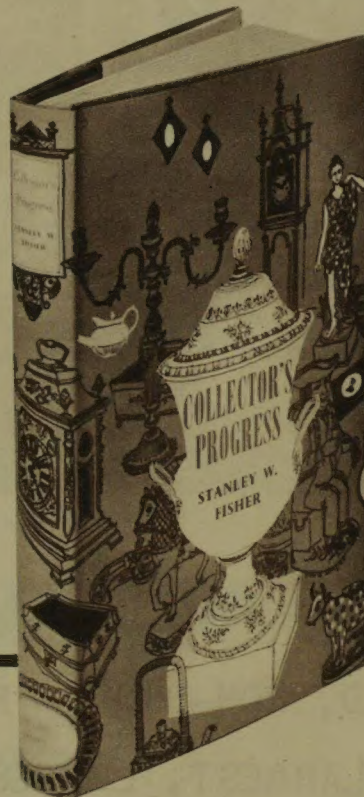


"Tête de jeune fille en rose" by Pierre-Auguste Renoir
Painted 1916
Size 16 x 13½ inches

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Collector's Progress

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The adventures of an antique collector.
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MICHAEL JOSEPH

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World's first 500,000 kW atomic power station...

Momentous step forward in atomic power development

THE 500,000 kilowatt atomic power station to be erected for the Central Electricity Authority at Hinkley Point, Somerset, will be built by the English Electric, Babcock & Wilcox, Taylor Woodrow Group.

This new atomic power station is far the largest yet ordered by the Authority and will also be the largest in the world.

It represents, indeed, a momentous step forward in Britain's vitally important programme of atomic power development.

RAPID ADVANCE

The advance to a 500,000 kilowatt atomic power station, which approaches in capacity the largest of Britain's modern power stations using conventional fuels, has been rapid.

It is an impressive technical achievement and involves far more than a simple increase in size. It has been made possible by the ability of this team of famous engineers to draw upon a vast fund of design and constructional experience, working in full collaboration with the Atomic Energy Authority.

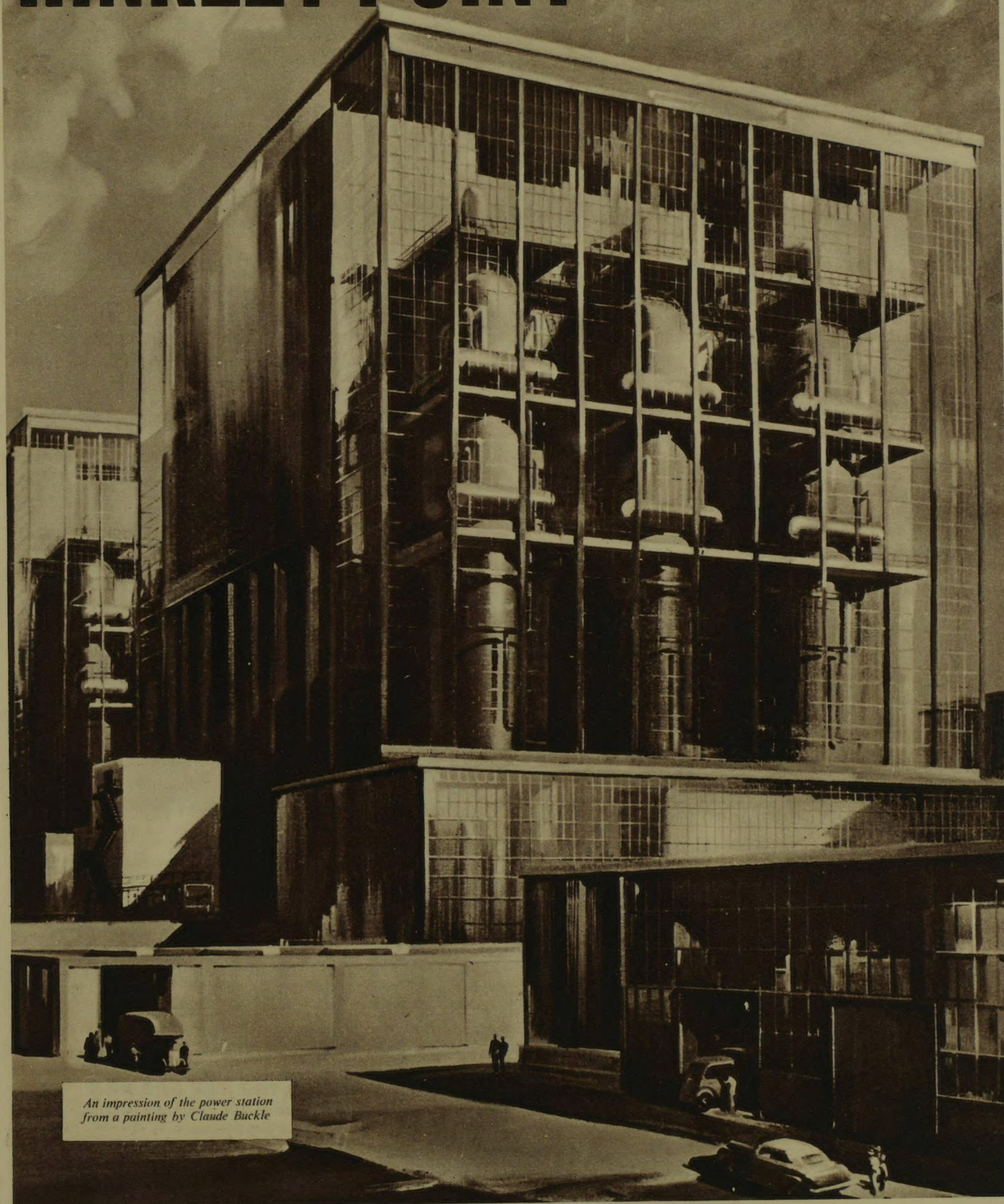
With world-wide experience in designing and building large power stations, English Electric, Babcock & Wilcox and Taylor Woodrow arranged in 1954 to work together as a Group in the new field of atomic power; they have been responsible for evolving, in association with the Central Electricity Authority, the advanced design of the new station at Hinkley Point.

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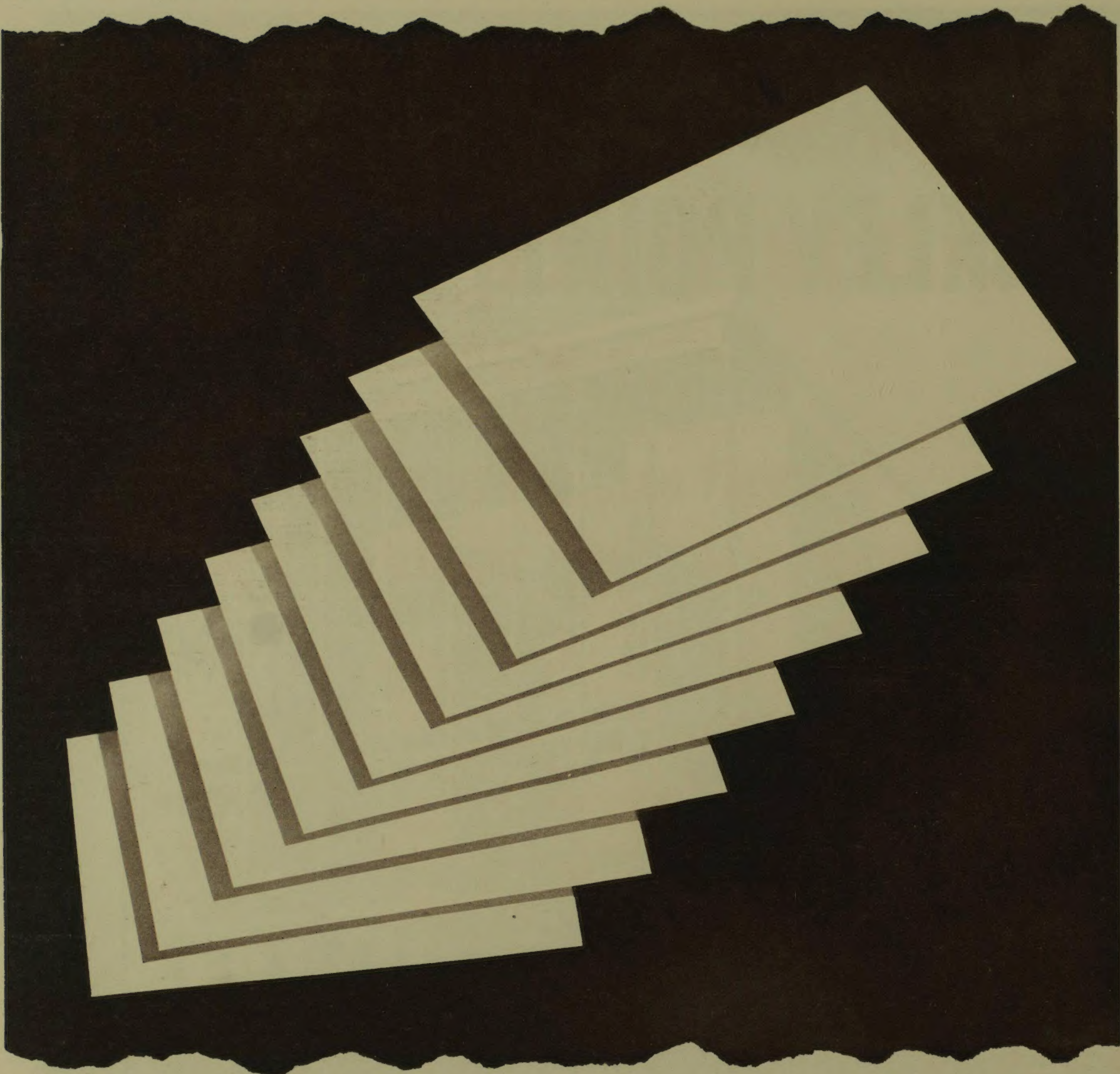
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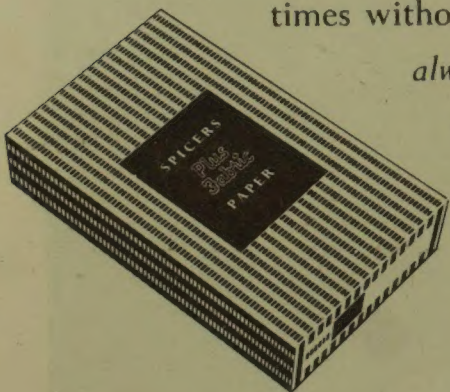


*An impression of the power station
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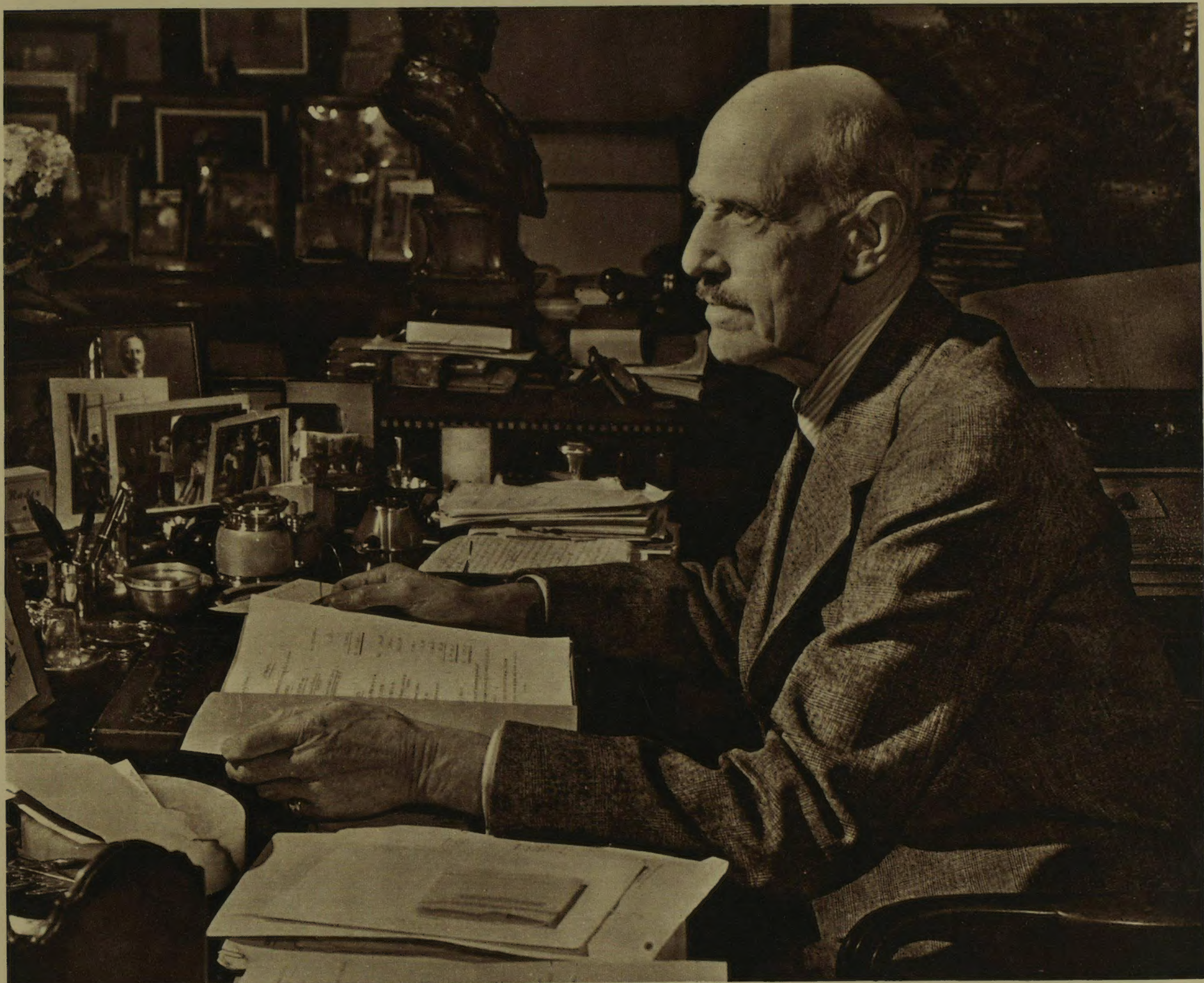
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1957.



KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY, WHO DIED ON SEPTEMBER 21 AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-FIVE; AND (BELOW) HIS SON AND SUCCESSOR, KING OLAV V.

EARLY on September 21, in the eighty-sixth year of his life and the fifty-second year of his reign, King Haakon VII of Norway died in the Royal Palace at Oslo. In accordance with Norway's foundation law, his son, Crown Prince Olav, took over his reign as King of Norway and presented his written oath to the Cabinet. He stated that he would use the name Olav V and that his Royal motto would be the same as his father's—"All for Norway." This is the first time that a Norwegian King has died in Norway for 577 years. The funeral is to take place on October 1 and King Haakon's body will be placed in the Royal crypt of Akershus Castle, where Queen Maud and the Crown Princess Maertha already rest. King Haakon was the son-in-law of King Edward VII and grand-uncle by marriage to Queen Elizabeth II. The Queen has ordered Court mourning for two weeks and has sent a message of sympathy to the new King. She will be represented at the funeral by the Duke of Gloucester. King Haakon was born on August 3, 1872, the second son of Frederik VIII,

[Continued opposite.]



[Continued.]

King of Denmark, and married Princess Maud, daughter of the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII), in 1896. Their only child, the Crown Prince Olav, was born in 1903. In 1905, after Norway's union with Sweden was dissolved, the Norwegian Storting offered the throne to Prince Carl of Denmark, as he then was, and after a plebiscite overwhelmingly supporting this choice, he accepted the throne and towards the end of that year arrived in Norway with Queen Maud and his two-year-old son. There have always been the closest ties between the Norwegian and British Royal families; and King Haakon has always been well known and well liked in Great Britain. From the beginning of his reign he endeared himself to the Norwegian people, and in the dark days of 1940 his defiance of the German invaders made him a very symbol of Norwegian independence and resistance to Nazism; and during the remainder of the war while he was living in England he was the rallying-point of "Free Norway"—to which he returned in triumph on June 7, 1945.

THE END OF A LONG AND GLORIOUS REIGN: THE DEATH OF HAAKON VII, SOVEREIGN AND SYMBOL OF INDEPENDENT NORWAY.

Postage—Inland, 3d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FOREIGNERS, though the fact seems curious to us, are always a little appalled by the English attitude to sex. And the English regard, or used to regard—for their conduct in these matters has changed a good deal in recent years—the sexual morality of other lands with horror. Why this should be I have no idea. It is often attributed to the Puritan revolution and the brief political ascendancy in the seventeenth century of a minority of religious dogmatists. But I never can believe that this made very much difference to either the conduct or the beliefs of the ordinary Englishman. At any rate, what seems to be the common denominator in all ages of the English attitude to sex has been our almost passionate capacity—for a people supposedly lacking in passion—for moral self-righteousness. And this is just as noticeable to-day when, in the opinion of most foreigners the English have become exceptionally lax in sexual matters, as it used to be in Victorian times when to all outward appearance the English were so rigid in their moral code as to seem to their Continental neighbours inhuman.

I cannot help suspecting that a visitor from outer space would find the English reaction to the Wolfenden Report as entertaining as it is irrational. For though there seems to be a wide diversity of opinion about its recommendations, judging by what has appeared in the Press almost everyone is at one in approaching it with a vehemence of conviction that could scarcely have been surpassed by that of the most dogmatic Scottish Covenanter of old. Some people are highly indignant, for instance, at the recommendation that sexual perversion should not, where consenting adults are concerned, continue to be treated as a crime; others are equally indignant that anyone should have any doubts about the crying need, as they regard it, to change this particular law. Some people are all for increasing the nominal fines levied at present on prostitutes; others think that anything that tends to drive what is called vice underground is an abominable heresy that can only result in hidden orgies of the most dangerous kind. And some people want to make a whole range of sexual irregularities, at present outside the criminal law, punishable by imprisonment, sometimes one almost suspects, from the vehemence of their advocacy, by death itself. In a nation that has just turned its back on both capital and corporal punishment for crimes of the most revolting brutality, such advocacy suggests that as a nation our capacity for toleration is a good deal less consistent than we suppose.

The underlying fact behind all this highly emotional controversy is that, after self-preservation, the instinct for self-reproduction is the most powerful with which man is born. There are times when it becomes even more powerful than self-preservation itself. It is linked with both the highest and the lowest manifestations of our human nature; it is capable of evoking in men and women, and particularly in women, conduct of an almost divine self-abnegation, tenderness and devotion, and, at the other end of the scale, of reducing human beings to a degrading bestiality unknown in the animal world outside mankind. It is almost impossible to generalise justly about it—though almost everyone in this country, from the Archbishop of Canterbury downwards, seems ready to do so—because the circumstances in which it manifests itself vary so much that it is probable that no one human being experiences it in quite the same way as any other. On the whole, for this reason, I believe that the more toleration men and women can bring to the contemplation, not of their own sexual conduct,

but of that of their neighbours, the better. Though the good order of society and national well-being, to say nothing of the dictates of revealed religion, demand, as a matter of social convenience, a general moral code to govern the relations of the sexes, it ought surely for the sake of justice, in a matter where each individual's experience and degree of need and suffering is so different, to be as charitably enforced and as liberally interpreted as possible? Because of this I am inclined to think that the restraints and sanctions of law should only be invoked in sexual matters where some clear and intolerable wrong is done to a fellow creature, such as an act of physical

a disease, one, if it were at all general, that would be as fatal to racial survival as radio-activity—that it apparently does not seem disgusting or abhorrent to those who suffer from it. And before we hound its diseased victims with the terrors of blackmail, arrest, trial and prison, ought we not to ask ourselves whether the good done to society, as a whole, by such enforced morality is sufficient to justify the almost certain injustice done to the individual whom an unnatural perversion of one of the strongest of human emotions and needs has made different to his fellows? The recommendations of the Wolfenden Committee on this matter inevitably seem distasteful to normal men and women—that

is, to the vast majority of us—but ought we for that reason to invoke the criminal law to persecute a small minority who are not as we?

Perhaps it is unreasonable to look for reason—and toleration is always the product of reason—in a matter that touches so closely our deepest emotions. One thing that has struck me about the popular reaction to the Wolfenden Report has been the public failure, unlike the Committee itself, to distinguish clearly between sexual misconduct and sexual indecency. For the former is a matter of morals, whether treated as an offence against individual conscience or public law, while the latter is an offence against society. Whatever may be the degree of moral obliquity involved in some sexual act, if it is committed publicly it is bound to offend those who are made unwilling witnesses of it. The law has always protected, or attempted to protect, private persons from gross exhibitions by their fellows calculated to hurt the susceptibilities of ordinary decent men and women, whether in the streets, on the stage or in the Press. The trouble is that the Law, as the Wolfenden Committee has pointed out, is in many respects out of date. One effect of this has been the powerlessness of the police to deal with the gross and now habitual display of solicitation by and of prostitutes in our streets and parks. "To indulge in sexual intercourse with prostitutes," that wise and good man, Sir Basil Henriques, has written, "is a perversion of the holiest act of life." But it is not the fact of being a prostitute or resorting to prostitution that the Law seeks to punish, but the offence to public feeling caused by an open parade of prostitution. Because of the inadequacy of existing law it has to-day become impossible, for instance, for a woman with a child to enter Hyde Park between Knightsbridge and Kensington Gore without having to pass through a picket-line of prostitutes engaged in soliciting and receiving the preliminary approaches of male clients in motor-cars. That the Law needs reforming to prevent this kind of habitual affront to public decency is one of the chief contentions of the Wolfenden Committee, and, in my belief, rightly so.

Yet in all these matters the last word was said by the wisest and best man of whom history has record. He was one who preached and practised a code of sexual morality which, making the individual the judge, not only of his own conduct but of his innermost thoughts, prescribed to that individual the sternest of disciplines. Yet when the Scribes and Pharisees brought before Him a woman taken in adultery and, seeking to trap Him, reminded Him that the Law of Moses commanded that she should be stoned, He "stooped down and with His finger wrote on the ground as though He heard them not. So when they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself and said unto them, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' And again He stooped down, and wrote on the ground."

A BUST OF KING GEORGE VI AT CRATHIE.



STANDING BENEATH THE NEWLY-UNVEILED BUST OF HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI: THE REV. DR. JOHN LAMB, MINISTER OF CRATHIE CHURCH, NEAR BALMORAL.

On September 15 the Queen unveiled a white marble bust of her father, King George VI, in Crathie Church, where the Royal family worship when they are staying at Balmoral Castle. The bust is a personal gift to the church from the Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The Queen, who unveiled the bust after the morning service, said: "I desire to place this memorial in this church to the glory of God and in memory of my beloved father, King George the Sixth." The bust, which occupies a niche opposite the Royal family's pew, is the work of Sir W. Reid Dick, R.A., the Queen's Sculptor in Ordinary for Scotland. It is inscribed: "To the glory of God and to the beloved memory of King George VI. This bust is placed here by his devoted wife and children."

violence or an offence against a child or young person, and that here, and only here—for the very reason that sex is a matter that strikes so deeply at the roots of individual experience—a crime against another should be punished, as a necessary deterrent, with the utmost severity. Rape, for instance—though admittedly the most difficult of all crimes to prove—seems such a monstrous offence against the sanctity of the individual that it ought, on this reasoning, to be regarded as little better than murder.

That we should be shocked by the sexual misconduct of others is only natural, for it is a matter in which the deepest feelings of our individual natures are aroused. Anyone, for instance, who is not a sexual pervert, cannot help regarding an act of perversion with disgust and abhorrence. But it is only fair to remember that it is in the nature of the disease that we call perversion—for, being so fatal to human survival, it is clearly

A GREAT REIGN ENDS: THE DEATH OF KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY.



THE BEGINNING OF A LONG AND GREAT REIGN: KING HAAKON, CARRYING THE INFANT CROWN PRINCE, LANDS AT OSLO ON NOVEMBER 25, 1905.



IN THE DARK DAYS OF 1940: KING HAAKON WITH THE CROWN PRINCE LEAVING NORWAY IN A BRITISH WARSHIP TO ESTABLISH A GOVERNMENT-IN-EXILE.



ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY: KING HAAKON IN AUGUST 1942, WHEN HE WAS IN ENGLAND AND THE RALLYING-POINT OF NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE.



ON THE EVE OF KING HAAKON'S DEATH: A GROUP OF PEOPLE READING A BULLETIN ON THE KING'S STATE OF HEALTH IN AN OSLO NEWSPAPER'S WINDOW.



AFTER THE NEWS OF KING HAAKON'S DEATH EARLY ON SEPTEMBER 21: CROWDS BEGINNING TO GATHER OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE IN THE CAPITAL, OSLO.



AT HIS FIRST CABINET MEETING ON SEPTEMBER 21: THE NEW KING, OLAV V (CENTRE, IN UNIFORM). ON HIS LEFT, THE PRIME MINISTER, HR. GERHARDSEN.

As reported on our front page, King Haakon VII of Norway died on Sept. 21 at the age of eighty-five and was succeeded by his son, the Crown Prince Olav, under the title of King Olav V. The new King is the only child of King Haakon and Queen Maud, and he was born on July 2, 1903, at Appleton House, near Sandringham, which had been given as a wedding present by the bride's father, the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. When his father landed at Oslo (then Christiania) to become King of Norway, the young



LEAVING OSLO CATHEDRAL AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE: THE NEW KING, FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS ASTRID AND HIS SON, PRINCE HARALD.

Prince was carried ashore in his father's arms. In 1929 Prince Olav married Princess Maertha of Sweden (who died in April 1954), and their children are Princess Ragnhild (born 1930), who married Hr. Lorentzen in 1953; Princess Astrid (born 1932) and Prince Harald, the heir to the throne, who was born on February 21, 1937. In accordance with Norwegian law, there will be no Coronation ceremony; and King Olav will take the oath before the new National Assembly after the New Year.

RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: SOME PEOPLE, SHIPS AND BUILDINGS IN THE NEWS.

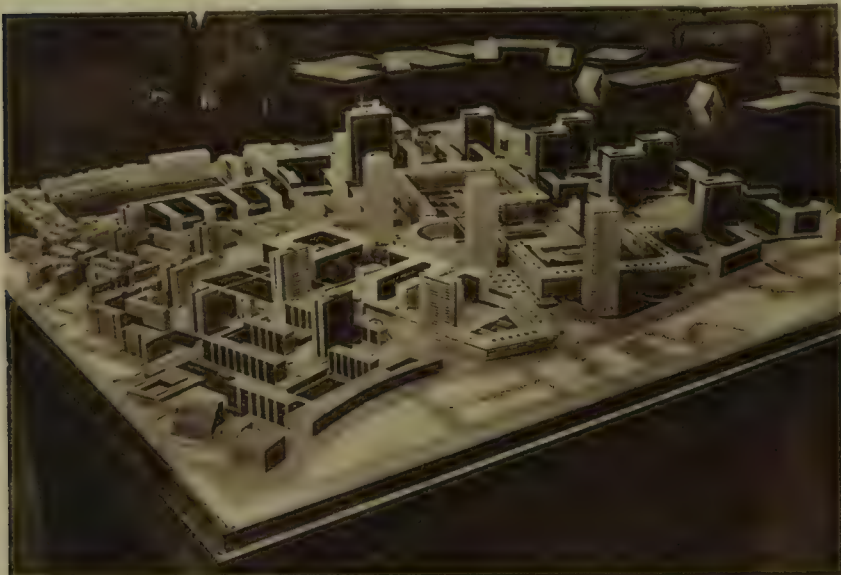


THE START OF THE WORK ON BRITAIN'S LARGEST LINER FOR TWENTY YEARS: *ORIANA'S* KEEL BEING LAID ON SEPTEMBER 18.

The keel of the new 40,000-ton Orient liner *Oriana* was laid on September 18 at the Barrow-in-Furness yard of Vickers-Armstrongs. *Oriana* is expected to be launched in the spring of 1959 and to enter service the following year. The keel of an even larger ship, ordered by the P. & O., was to be laid in Belfast on September 27.



SIX LEFT FROM THIRTY-FOUR EQUALS ASIAN 'FLU': A MASTER IN A WOOLWICH SCHOOL WITH FOUR OF THE SIX PUPILS STILL REMAINING IN HIS CLASS WHICH USUALLY NUMBERS THIRTY-FOUR CHILDREN. In the middle of September the Asian influenza virus was reported to be widespread in Britain. In the Midlands hundreds of schoolchildren were absent from school and a number of Service establishments reported outbreaks. Districts further south have now also been hit by the influenza epidemic.



TO BE ERECTED IN THE CRIPPLEGATE-BARBICAN AREA OF THE CITY OF LONDON IF THE CITY CORPORATION'S RECOMMENDATION IS ACCEPTED: THE PROPOSED NEW RESIDENTIAL AREA SEEN IN MODEL FORM.



LOST IN THE ATLANTIC: THE FOUR-MASTED GERMAN SAILING SHIP *PAMIR*, WHICH HAD EIGHTY-SIX ABOARD, INCLUDING FIFTY-ONE CADETS.

At the time of writing only five survivors have been picked up in the South Atlantic where the fifty-year-old grain-race sailing-ship *Pamir* foundered in a hurricane 500 miles south-west of the Azores on September 21. The survivors, rescued by the American Liberty ship, *Saxon*, stated that another lifeboat had got away with twenty-five on board.



PRESENTED TO THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CAPE TOWN: A COPE AND MITRE FROM THE PEOPLE AND CLERGY OF EAST LONDON.

On September 18 a cope and mitre and other presents from the people and clergy of East London were presented to the Most Rev. Joost de Blank (right), the new Archbishop of Cape Town, at a service of farewell held in St. Paul's Cathedral.



BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST WOMEN POLICE DRIVERS IN BRITAIN: "SPEED COFS" OF THE LANCASHIRE COUNTY POLICE FORCE WITH THEIR M.G.A. SPORTS CARS.

Our photograph shows five women members of the Lancashire County police force who are the first women drivers in the traffic patrol branch. They are equipped with M.G.A. sports cars and all of them underwent a five-week driving course before taking up their new duties.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE PRINCE GOES TO SCHOOL, AND OTHER ITEMS.



(Left.)
A GREAT MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: A GREETING FROM HIS NEW HEAD-MASTER, MR. F. P. BECK, AS HE ARRIVES TO BEGIN HIS FIRST TERM AT CHEAM SCHOOL.
On September 23 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh took their son, who was already wearing his school uniform, to his new school—Cheam School, near Newbury, Berks. The Royal family, who were wearing mourning for King Haakon of Norway, were greeted on arrival by one of the joint headmasters, Mr. F. P. Beck, while many of the boys who had already arrived watched this important event with interest.



(Right.)
A SMILING GROUP ON THE STEPS OF CHEAM SCHOOL: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND MR. BECK (RIGHT).



READY FOR TRIALS AFTER REFITTING: THE SUBMARINE TIPTOE, SEEN DURING HER COMMISSIONING SERVICE AT DEVONPORT DOCKYARD ON SEPTEMBER 18.
The officers and ratings of H.M.S. *Tiptoe* are seen on the quayside during her commissioning service. *Tiptoe*, which is commanded by Lieut.-Commander G. Bourne, R.N., has been extensively refitted and will join the Third Submarine Squadron at Rothesay.



RECENTLY OPENED TO TRAFFIC NEAR ST. GILLES: THE FIRST BRIDGE OVER THE "BAS-RHONE" CANAL, WHICH IS BEING BUILT AS AN IRRIGATION CANAL TO IMPROVE THIS UNEXPLOITED REGION OF THE CAMARGUE.



SUCCESSFULLY DEVELOPED BY ROLLS-ROYCE: CORRUGATED-NOZZLE JET-NOISE SUPPRESSORS, SEEN FITTED ON A COMET 3 DEVELOPMENT AIRCRAFT.
The four simple corrugated-nozzle noise suppressors were fitted to the Rolls-Royce Avon R.A. 29 engines on the *Comet 3* in August, and were seen at the Farnborough air show. The nozzle has been tested on the ground and in flight, and its noise suppression capability has been confirmed.



AT A LAYING-UP CEREMONY IN BEVERLEY MINSTER ON SEPTEMBER 22: THE VICAR RECEIVING ONE OF THE COLOURS OF THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS, THE EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT, WHICH IS DUE TO BE AMALGAMATED WITH THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT.

IN Athens news from the outer world made little impact on my mind. Amid the islands of the Aegean scarcely any news at all reached me. I did not know the winner of the St. Leger until several days after the race. In the capital I visited Ministry after Ministry, but it was to talk of Greek affairs. While at sea I landed on island after island, some of which, like Paros and Hydra, I had not visited before; others, like Rhodes, Delos, and Mykonos, already familiar. I climbed to temples or merely to heights commanding long views over dark-blue sea, and paler sky broken by almost black curves of hills and mountains on the Greek mainland, on other rocky isles, on the bleak Turkish coast. In this phase I seemed to lack the capacity or desire to think of anything but what lay before my eyes.

The rest was the social life, to which, in Athens, I gave what time there was. I sought out friends. I ran into others in the lobbies of the Petit Palais Hotel (still answering on the telephone to the name of "Grande Bretagne" and printing it on note-paper, despite the Cyprus dispute) or in the space in front of the two big cafés, where so many well-known faces appear. Echoes came through. Sir Charles Keightley's despatch on "Suez" was out and was causing discussion. A by-election had—in my estimation—gone remarkably wrong. Other echoes there were, but very faint.

I feel that I must write this week about what I have seen and heard, even though there may be other topics more vital. But there is one incident concerning the world at large and yet occurring on the spot which ought not to be left out. It is the Press Conference of Admiral Brown of the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Some listeners were rather astonished by his insistence on the enormous strength of this armada, on the fact that it was to be further reinforced, on the guided missiles at the disposal even of its submarines. Less was said about his comforting opinion that it would not be used, and that there were signs of decreasing heat in the Near and Middle East.

Cyprus stands in much the same unsatisfactory situation as before. On the face of it little change has taken place and prospects of a settlement are poor, yet Greek opinion is curiously hopeful. It is not easy to say why this should be so. There is little point in asserting that Greece, Britain and the Cypriots could probably now reach a settlement, if this is prevented by a Turkish veto. This issue—and especially the possibility of partition, if such lunacy is really possible—is that which calls forth the strongest Greek criticism at the moment. One Greek put the following saying into a British mouth: "I was not displeased when the dog barked, but now it has begun to bite." All this goes with friendliness to individual Britons, perhaps to Britons in general.

When one goes to Government offices for information about a country's economic position, officials are hardly to be blamed if they give prominence to favourable points. Regarding Greece, it is essential to realise that unemployment is endemic and that it cannot be eradicated in rural areas so long as their population remains at its present height. No agricultural efficiency will grow crops or fatten beasts off naked rock, the chief element in the Greek countryside. Yet this year those who want to make the best case have, I am glad to say, some facts to present that

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE ATMOSPHERE OF GREECE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

cannot be controverted. Healthier financial conditions have created a new confidence which is reflected in a brilliant rise in bank deposits. These now stand at about thrice the volume of two years ago, while the drachma remains steady. Encouraging reports need encouraging statistics, and nowhere more than in Greece. This year there are quite a few.

I would have given much for the opportunity to stay longer in the country and see something of the manoeuvres which will be in progress when

due to the fact that the ordinary reservists are local men, whereas it is necessary to go farther afield for specialists.

What struck foreign observers very strongly last year was how quickly and with how little fuss the reservists settled down. The Greeks have grown used enough to mobilisations by now, but there is very little resentment against one undertaken for the sake of military exercises. In particular, the men of the north, so many of whom live within sight of frontier mountains, regard training for defence of their country as a matter of course and an essential element in this defence. The appearance of the troops has once more struck me favourably. They carry themselves confidently and proudly, and their summer uniforms are clean and well ironed. This may not be an infallible sign of high morale, but it is a strong one.

Those who express doubt about the value of Greece to N.A.T.O. are presumably speculating about political weaknesses. They can have no grounds for doubting the spirit of the Army.

Year after year lately I have come to Greece to find her Navy in the doldrums. This year matters have improved owing to the acquisition of American ships. I had the interesting experience of watching air attacks on a vessel temporarily playing the part of a convoy—I myself being a convoy passenger—and its defence by four escort vessels or destroyers. They were three of them of American origin, the fourth being British, of the old "Hunt" class. They also defended us against a supposed submarine, dropping real depth-charges. The air attacks were made virtually at masthead height. The Greek warships, of course, amount to very little by comparison with the U.S. Sixth Fleet, but it is good for morale that the Royal Hellenic Navy, with its fine tradition, should be represented even by a small active fleet. The same applies to the Air Force, but it enjoys more modern equipment.

The Cyprus dispute has, I need hardly say, virtually killed the Græco-Turkish alliance within the Balkan Pact, though it is kept just alive within N.A.T.O. Even in the direct alliance, however, just the faintest spark, unhappily no more, may be said to remain unextinguished. This is the recognition, by Turkish and Greek military opinion alike, that the defence of the two countries is virtually indivisible. Turkish co-operation with Greece would make a satellite attack impossible. Greek co-operation with Turkey would remove any anxiety on the part of the latter about her western flank. A free Greece is also a great asset to American aid to Turkey.

Between Greece and Yugoslavia the pact is not dead. Marshal Tito is indeed an uncertain factor. As I wrote the other day, he has on several occasions shifted his position, and the process is unlikely to have ended. Yet he has always sought independence. I think this is established and important, even if there is nothing more optimistic to be said of his position. Fairly cordial relations prevail between the two countries. My final impression after an unusually interesting visit is that Greece is steering through heavy political weather and that the gale is blowing straight from Cyprus. If that would relent, other troubles could be more easily faced. Yet I cannot see more than a very slight lightening of that horizon so far.



IN THE N.A.T.O. HEADQUARTERS AT NORTHWOOD, MIDDLESEX: (CENTRE) AIR MARSHAL SIR BRIAN REYNOLDS AND ADMIRAL SIR JOHN ECCLES, JOINT C.-IN-C., EASTERN ATLANTIC AREA, WITH STAFF OFFICERS IN THE OPERATIONS ROOM.

On September 20, the N.A.T.O. air-sea exercise "Strike Back" began, a large-scale training operation designed to encourage co-operation between the forces of member-nations. Over 200 ships from the seven nations—Canada, France, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, the United Kingdom and the United States—and about 75,000 naval men are taking part, together with 650 carrier- and land-based aircraft. The exercise was timed to end on September 28.



LORD HAILSHAM (STANDING) STATES HIS AIMS AS THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY ORGANISATION. ON HIS RIGHT (SEATED), MR. OLIVER POOLE. It was announced on September 18 that Lord Hailsham, the new Lord President of the Council, had been appointed Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation in succession to Mr. Oliver Poole, who will be Deputy Chairman. In a Press conference Lord Hailsham answered questions and stated his aims. He spoke of the need to restore the strong link between the Cabinet and the Party, said that he wanted to be a "listening post and a transmitting post"; and summed up his attitude about Party politics with the words: "The questions in front of the nation are now so important that I do not think either Party can afford to waste its time by degenerating into a mutual denigration society."

these lines appear. For the Army they will entail tests of more than one kind: mobilisation, administration, and the tactical performance of the troops. It must be understood that the so-called "D-day divisions," the first line of the Greek Army, are not maintained at full strength. (Those of lower category are, of course, further still from fighting establishment, and each category is weaker than that above it.) The "D-day divisions" are supposed to be raised to full strength in twenty-four hours, with the exception of specialists, who are given forty-eight. The disparity is

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



INCHON, KOREA. A MEMORIAL STATUE OF GENERAL MacARTHUR, DURING THE RECENT UNVEILING CEREMONY. GENERAL MacARTHUR WAS, OF COURSE, THE COMMANDER OF THE U.N. FORCES DURING MUCH OF THE KOREAN WAR.



NEW ZEALAND. THE WORLD IN A PLAYGROUND: A CONCRETE RELIEF MAP OF THE WORLD BUILT WITH THE HELP OF SOME PUPILS IN FOURTEEN DAYS AT THE MOUNT ROSKILL PRIMARY SCHOOL, AUCKLAND.



SAN MARINO. AFTER THE COUP D'ETAT OF THE COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT OF THE TINY REPUBLIC, WHEN THEY SUMMARILY DISSOLVED THE PARLIAMENT: OPPOSITION MEMBERS READING A PROTEST TO THE PUBLIC ON SEPTEMBER 19.



IN THE RED SEA. THE EGYPTIAN COASTAL VESSEL AIDA AGROUND ON THE ISLAND OF ALAKHAWAIN AFTER A STORM ON SEPTEMBER 15.

When the Norwegian tanker *Bergehus* went to the rescue of the stranded vessel *Aida* she was only able to take away seventy-seven of the 157 people aboard. The remaining eighty, including the captain, were put ashore on the island to await rescue later.



EINDHOVEN, THE NETHERLANDS. QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS EXAMINING THE COLOURS OF EINDHOVEN ASSOCIATIONS DURING HER VISIT ON SEPTEMBER 19.

On September 19 Queen Juliana, in the presence of the Prince of the Netherlands, visited Eindhoven to open the country's second technical university. Previously the only other Dutch university of this kind has been that at Delft.



KADUNA, NORTHERN NIGERIA. THE RETIRING GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN NIGERIA, SIR BRYAN SHARWOOD-SMITH, AND LADY SHARWOOD-SMITH SAYING FAREWELL ON SEPT. 19. On September 19, after thirty-seven years' service in Nigeria, for the last three of which he has been Governor of the Northern Region, Sir Bryan Sharwood-Smith left Nigeria on his retirement. He is seen shaking hands with notables at Kaduna North Station.



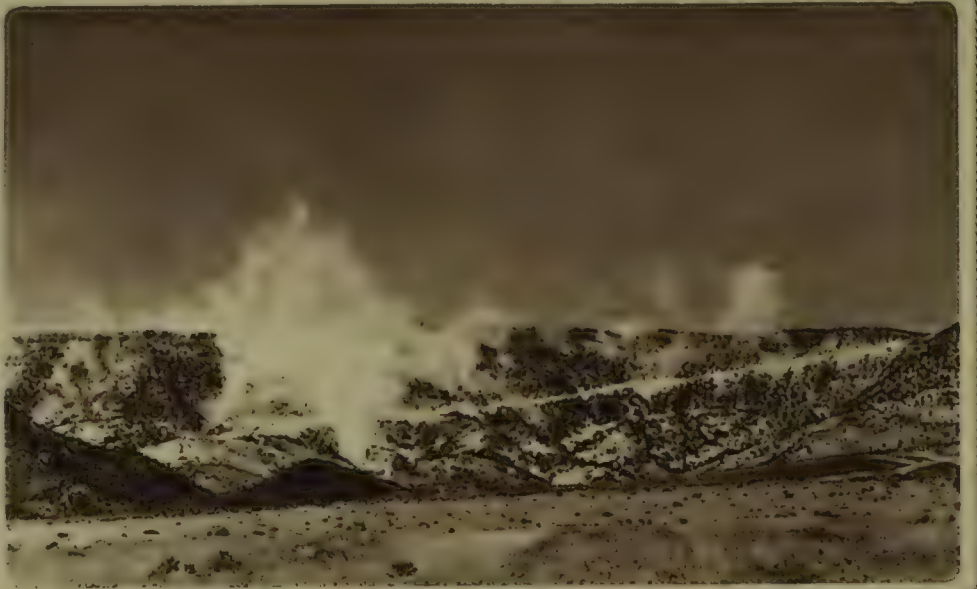
RUSSIA. MR. ANEURIN BEVAN BEING SHOWN ROUND A RUSSIAN ATOMIC CENTRE DURING THE COURSE OF HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE SOVIET UNION.

On September 17 Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who was visiting Russia with his wife, Miss Jennie Lee, was received at Yalta, in the Crimea, by Mr. Khrushchev. They spent some three hours together; and Mr. Bevan said, "What Mr. Khrushchev told me must remain private."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



INDIA. IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA: DEMONSTRATORS WAVING BANNERS AND SHOUTING PROTESTS AGAINST THE SHORTAGE OF FOOD AND ESSENTIAL COMMODITIES. At the time of writing there are reports of rioting in Calcutta against the shortage of food and essential commodities and the high prices. According to these reports, some 2000 people have already been arrested in Calcutta for rioting.



THE UNITED STATES. IN THE NEVADA DESERT: THE SCENE AFTER AN ATOMIC BOMB HAD BEEN EXPLODED 800 FT. BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND. On September 19 a small atomic bomb was exploded at the end of a zigzagging 2000-ft. tunnel some 800 ft. below the ground in the Nevada Desert. It was part of the scientific investigations of the International Geophysical Year. The underground shock waves proved less forceful than expected.



(Above.) WEST BERLIN. IN BERLIN'S NEW CONGRESS HALL: AN AMERICAN ARCHITECT SPEAKING DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY. THE HALL, WHICH IS ONE OF AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE INTERNATIONAL CONSTRUCTION EXHIBITION, WAS BUILT BY THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FOUNDATION.



(Left.) AUSTRALIA. AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY KNIGHTHOOD: PRESIDENT NGO-DINH-DIEM OF VIETNAM SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR WILLIAM SLIM.

At a ceremony in Sydney on September 9th, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, invested President Ngo-dinh-Diem of Vietnam as an honorary member of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. It was the last day of the Vietnam President's nine-day visit to Australia.



SYRIA. SOVIET TALKS WITH THE SYRIAN GOVERNMENT: THE SOVIET DELEGATION (LEFT) WITH SYRIAN OFFICIALS AT THE OPENING OF THE DAMASCUS TALKS. A Soviet economic and technical mission of nineteen men arrived in Damascus on September 18 to continue talks with the Syrian Government on the scope and terms of the proposed Russian aid agreement. Our photograph shows the Soviet delegation on the left of the table with their leader, Mr. B. V. Nikitin, extinguishing his cigarette.



MALAYA. IN JOHORE: THE SULTAN OF JOHORE WITH HIS EUROPEAN WIFE AT AN INVESTITURE DURING HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS ON SEPTEMBER 17. On September 17 Johore celebrated the eighty-fourth birthday of the Sultan, Major-General H. H. Sir Ibrahim. After a thanksgiving service, a levee and investiture were held in the Throne Room of the Sultan's Palace in Johore Bahru. The Sultan appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



ISRAEL. AT LOD AIRPORT: THE SCENE AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST BRISTOL BRITANNIA TO BE DELIVERED TO AN OVERSEA OPERATOR.

The first Bristol *Britannia* aircraft for an oversea operator took off from Filton, Bristol, on September 12, on a seven-hour flight to Tel Aviv. The airliner was painted in the pale blue of El Al Airlines and the chairman of El Al, General Ben Arzi, was on board. Our photograph shows a general view of the scene as the *Britannia* 312 was handed over to the Israelis.



WEST GERMANY. AT LINKENHEIM, NEAR KARLSRUHE: POLLING OFFICIALS WAITING FOR THE VOTERS WHO DID NOT COME OWING TO A LOCAL ELECTION BOYCOTT.

The inhabitants of Linkenheim, near Karlsruhe, in Baden-Wuerttemberg, did not participate in the recent Federal election in West Germany. A citizens' meeting decided on a boycott in protest against the establishment of an atomic research reactor in the district.



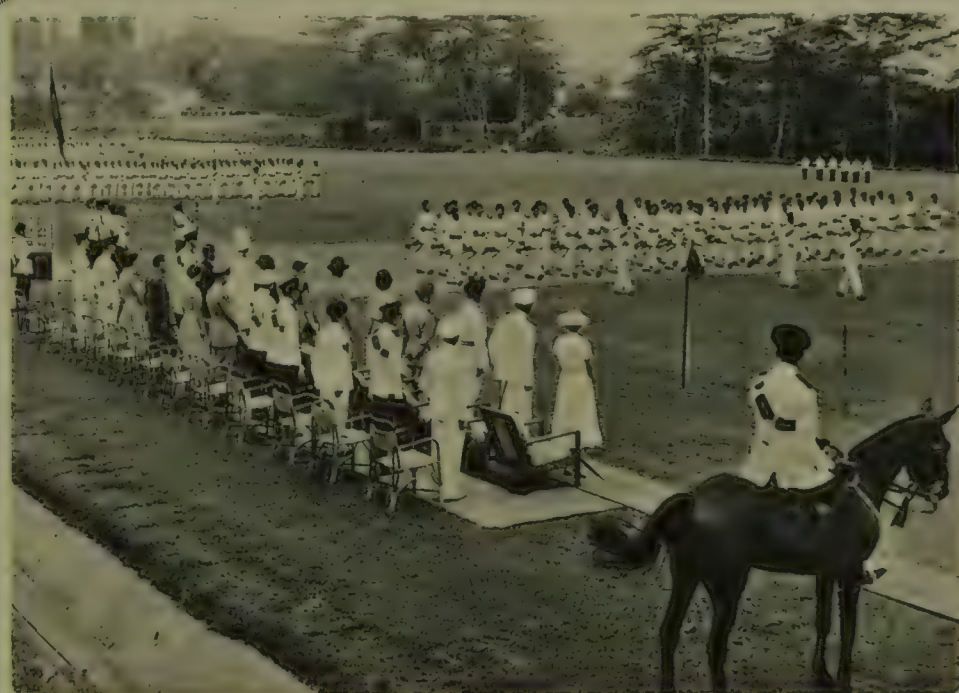
WEST BERLIN. ON VIEW IN THE BRITISH PAVILION AT THE BERLIN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION: A MODERN CLASSROOM IN AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

On September 14 Mr. J. A. M. Marjoribanks, Minister at the British Embassy in Bonn, opened the British pavilion at the Berlin industrial exhibition. The British exhibits are concerned mainly with school and city construction in Britain. The exhibition is housed in eleven halls and nine pavilions which cover over twelve acres.



JERUSALEM. SUBJECT OF A JORDAN PROTEST: THE SLOPES OF THE NEUTRAL ZONE TERRACED BY THE ISRAELIS IN READINESS FOR THE PLANTING OF EUCALYPTUS TREES.

The slopes of the neutral zone of Jerusalem have been terraced by the Israelis in readiness for the planting of 100,000 eucalyptus trees. Jordan has complained to the Security Council at this Israeli "aggression," but meanwhile the work goes on.



SINGAPORE. BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF SINGAPORE: THE MARCH-PAST DURING THE REGIMENTAL CENTENARY PARADE OF THE 2ND KING EDWARD VII'S OWN GOORKHAS (THE SIRMOR RIFLES). On September 14 the centenary parade of the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Goorkhas (The Sirmoor Rifles) was held in Singapore before the Governor, Sir Robert Black. The regiment was presented with silver bugles and a ceremonial sword by its colonel, Major General L. H. O. Pugh.



THE U.S.A. THE BLACK WATCH IN WASHINGTON: PIPE MAJOR J. MacNICOL BEING GREETED BY CAPTAIN J. HAGGERTY, U.S. MARINE CORPS, AT THE AIRPORT.

The regimental band and pipers of The Black Watch arrived in Washington by air on September 13 to start an extensive tour of the United States. The regiment has not been in America since the Revolution, when one of its units helped to drive General Washington out of Brooklyn.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.

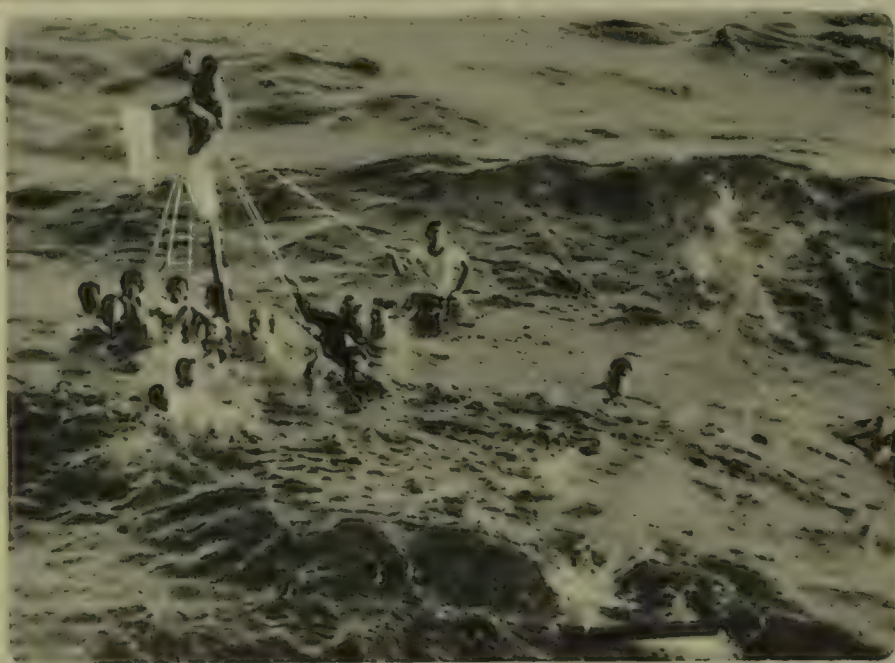


POLAND. IN THE BIALOWIZA FOREST, WHERE THEY ARE CAREFULLY GUARDED: A PAIR OF EUROPEAN BISON, SOME OF THE RAREST MAMMALS IN THE WORLD. One of the last strongholds of the rare European bison is in the Bialowiza Forest, in Poland, where there are now forty-eight of these magnificent beasts. In November last year the Polish Ambassador in London presented two European bison to Britain.



WEST BERLIN. PART OF THE TREMENDOUS REBUILDING DRIVE IN WEST BERLIN: A RECENTLY-COMPLETED SUBURBAN HOUSING ESTATE AT SPANDAU.

The huge Interbau Exhibition, which was opened in July, has brought widespread attention to the rebuilding in progress, and already completed, in West Berlin. This rebuilding drive has replaced a large proportion of the buildings destroyed during the war.



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DANISH FREIGHTER WHICH RESCUED THEM: SOME OF THE THIRTEEN MEN AND SIX WOMEN CLINGING TO THEIR SUBMERGED NATIVE BOAT IN THE SAN BERNARDINO STRAIT, AFTER FORTY-SIX HOURS IN THE WATER.



EGYPT. ON "SUZ CANAL DAY": RESIDENTS OF ISMAILIA ADMIRING A MODEL SHIP AND OTHER DECORATIONS ERECTED IN HONOUR OF THE OCCASION. On September 16 Ismailia celebrated "Suez Canal Day," which marked the first anniversary of the withdrawal of foreign pilots employed by the Suez Canal Company. Mr. Mahmoud Younis, Chairman of the Egyptian Canal Authority, announced that the Suez Canal would be back to its former depth in January.



THE NETHERLANDS. OPENING THE NEW SESSION OF THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT AT THE HAGUE: QUEEN JULIANA MAKING HER SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN THE KNIGHTS' HALL. On September 17 Queen Juliana of the Netherlands opened the new session of the Dutch Parliament in the mediaeval Ridderzaal, or Knights' Hall, in The Hague. Seated next to the Queen, as she made her speech from the Throne, was her husband, Prince Bernhard.



YUGOSLAVIA. AT THE END OF THEIR DISCUSSIONS: MR GOMULKA (LEFT), THE POLISH PARTY LEADER, AND PRESIDENT TITO SIGNING A DECLARATION ON SEPT. 17. At the end of his eight-day visit to Yugoslavia, Mr. Gomulka, the Polish Communist Party Secretary and leader of the Polish delegation to Yugoslavia, signed a joint declaration with President Tito of Yugoslavia. The two leaders pledged their Governments to consult together "whenever necessary."

THE R.A.F.'S FIRST *VULCANS*: V-BOMBERS TO COMPETE IN THE U.S. IN OCTOBER.



THE WORLD'S FIRST DELTA-WING JET BOMBERS: A GROUP OF AVRO *VULCANS*, AIRCRAFT EQUAL TO, IF NOT BETTER THAN, ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD.



IN LINE AHEAD ABOVE LIGHT CLOUD: *VULCANS* OF NO. 83 SQUADRON, R.A.F., WHICH WILL COMPETE IN THE U.S.A.F. NAVIGATION AND RECONNAISSANCE COMPETITION IN OCTOBER.



LIKE SOME GIANT INSECT IN SCIENCE-FICTION: AN AVRO *VULCAN*—WHEELS DOWN, FLAPS DOWN, AIR-BRAKE OPERATING—COMING IN TO LAND.



THE CREW OF A *VULCAN*—PILOT, CO-PILOT, NAVIGATOR, BOMB-AIMER AND AIR ELECTRONICS OFFICER—CLIMBING IN TO THE AIRCRAFT AT WADDINGTON, Lincs.



"EXTREMELY DOCILE AND GENTLEMANLY IN ITS HABITS": AN AVRO *VULCAN* BEING SERVICED IN THE HANGARS AT WADDINGTON, Lincs.

On September 18 at the V-bomber base at Waddington, Lincs, Mr. Orr-Ewing, the Under-Secretary for Air, made two announcements. First, that one of the most famous squadrons of the R.A.F.—No. 617, the Dam Busters—is to be re-formed early in 1958 and equipped with the Avro *Vulcan* delta-wing bomber; and, second, that British *Vulcan* and *Valiant* bombers are to compete next month in the United States Air Force Strategic Air Command navigation and reconnaissance competition in Florida and will take part in a fly-past



PART OF THE ROUTINE SERVICING OF A *VULCAN* BOMBER: AIRMEN INSIDE THE TWIN-JET AIR INTAKES SEARCHING FOR CRACKS IN THE METAL.

before the Queen when she visits the Jamestown Festival. Air Vice-Marshal G. A. Walker, A.O.C. No. 1 Group Bomber Command, said: "We are extremely pleased with the *Vulcan*"; and Wing-Commander F. Dodd, O.C. No. 230 Operational Conversion Unit at Waddington, described it as "a winner, which looks right and is right," the pilots having found it "extremely docile and gentlemanly in its habits." The *Vulcan*, the spearhead of Britain's V-bomber force, is believed to be the world's fastest operational bomber.

A 15TH-CENTURY PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

"ONCE TO SINAI. THE FURTHER PILGRIMAGE OF FRIAR FELIX FABRI." By H. F. M. PRESCOTT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT is three years since Miss Prescott produced a volume "Jerusalem Journey," in which she introduced to us one of the most kindly and adventurous travellers who have ever left gossip accounts of their wanderings. He was a Swiss-born Dominican from Ulm, who went to Jerusalem in 1480 and 1483 and recorded his experiences and observations in an enormous work called "*Evagatorium in Terram Sanctam*," which is the main source-book for Miss Prescott's new book and its predecessor.

In the latter year he was one of a small band of pilgrims who undertook the far more arduous journey from Jerusalem to Mount Sinai. They were a mixed lot. There were at least two other authors-to-be in the expedition. One was Friar Paul Walther, of Guglingen, a sixty-year-old Franciscan, whose itinerary is, Miss Prescott says, "the personal expression of a man of character, intellect and education, but of one whose inward-turning eye found little to interest it in the desert, and even looked with indifference

desolate and chaotic wastes, the home of tremendous sandstorms, to the extreme south of the Peninsula, the Holy Mount, and the ancient monastery of Saint Katherine of Alexandria, they had the indispensable aid of a guide Elphahallo, "a devout and loyal Moslem, who regarding with respect the religion of the Christians, was a man in whose probity the pilgrims might safely confide; with this noble octogenarian they need fear no treachery, nor collusion with the desert Arabs, while his long experience of the desert journey, which he had made no less than forty-eight times, had rendered him familiar with the tracks and wells, as well as with the wild people of the wilderness . . . the Friar's warm but not indiscriminating regard was wholly his, and when Fabri speaks of information given by 'a certain Saracen with whom I was great friends,' we cannot but guess that Elphahallo is spoken of, and picture the two conversing, either side by side on their donkeys in their long burning marches, or during the cool hours after sunset, or perhaps in the night silence when the Christian had read his Office, and the Moslem had prayed according to the prescription of his faith."

Miss Prescott does not content herself with making excerpts from Fabri's books. She draws on those of his two companions, and upon an imposing number of works written in that, and earlier times. She has made a skilfully-woven tapestry; and contrives to do what she evidently set out to do: namely, to give a picture of the Levant in those busy days, the swarming life of Cairo and Venice, the sea-faring and the chaffering, and the vast cargoes of spices, stuffs, and precious metals and stones which came from the East through Cairo, and thence in Venetian galleys to be transported over the Alps to the countries of Europe—before the Portuguese found their way round the Cape of Good Hope. Egypt, as an *entrepôt*, was put on the map again by the Suez Canal; and that now seems a precarious waterway.

These pages are packed with interesting characters, and Fabri's stays in all sorts of hostleries, lay and monastic, are described with the vividness which usually marks the great diarists. A great diarist he might have been and, in a way, was. But his interests were multifarious. He simply couldn't resist going to the top of any high place to see what was on "the other side of the hill," even if he was in a Greek port only for a day. And he had a scientific as well as an aesthetic and a historical eye. He is so fascinated in the desert by the colours and contours of the rock formations that one cannot help thinking that he had the makings of a geologist in him.

This genial, generous soul completed his pilgrimage and, surviving many dangers and discomforts, returned to Venice through horrible storms, and then traversed the Alps to his starting-point, which he reached after ten months' absence. He was welcomed by the sort of greeting which Odysseus had from old Argus. "He and Johann Müller crossed the bridge over the Danube; the Dominican House, a ruin now, stood at the south-eastern corner of the city; here the merchant left him. The Convent gate was shut, and the sound of the brethren's voices chanting their vespers came from the church; when Friar Felix began to beat upon the doors they did not at once hear him. . . . But I had hardly knocked for the first time when the Convent dog was there, who knew me through the gate, and not without angry barking, but with a strange joyful howling and whining scratched and bit at the planks as though he would tear the gate down, in such a hurry he was to get out to me. . . . And when the gate was opened, before I could cross the threshold, the

dog jumped up almost to my chest, rejoicing with extraordinary leaping and whimpering, and much tail-wagging, then off he rushed through the Convent, making a squeaking through his nose as if he were announcing the coming of his friend. That was, says Felix, 'the best welcome so far, from the best beast.'"

Dogs haven't changed much, evidently. But what a gulf there is between us and the men of that age when we read of the celebrations in



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS HILDA F. M. PRESCOTT.

Miss Hilda Prescott was educated at Wallasey High School, Cheshire, and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Her publications include: "The Unhurrying Chase," "Son of Dust," "Spanish Tudor," "The Man on a Donkey" and "Jerusalem Journey."



ST. KATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA. A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO IN THE CATHEDRAL AT ULM. MOUNT SINAI AND ST. KATHERINE'S MOUNT APPEAR IN THE BACKGROUND.

Reproduced by permission of the Stadtarchiv at Ulm.

upon the crowding experiences of Egypt." The other member who was to write about his journey was Bernhard von Breydenbach, a wealthy lay canon of Mainz, who took a talented artist with him to make sketches of the tour. The party consisted of only twenty, all except two of whom were Germans. Those two were a Pole who could speak Arabic, and a Hungarian Arch-deacon who couldn't speak German and, consequently, had to stick close to Felix Fabri. The rest were nobles and knights, with their servants; no poor man, unless he was a priest depending on his rich companions, could undertake that long pilgrimage; as one follows the narrative, with its incessant demands from the Customs and (often quite shameless ones at the pistol's point, as it were) for tips, one begins to realise that they must have taken an immense amount of treasure with them; a number of ducats calculated to turn Shylock green with envy. A definitely risky business with robbers abounding. The young knights could doubtless have given a good account of themselves; as for finding their way through those

* "Once to Sinai. The Further Pilgrimage of Friar Felix Fabri." By H. F. M. Prescott. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.)



THE TOMB OF BERNHARD VON BREYDENBACH IN THE CATHEDRAL AT MAINZ.

Reproduced by permission of the Diözesanmuseum, Mainz. Photograph Ludwig Richter.

Illustrations from the book "Once to Sinai," by courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

honour of the traveller's return from his journey to distant parts! The Prior allowed the Convent to keep holiday for a whole week in honour of Friar Felix. He had a tremendous time, but there was a fly in the ointment for him. In nearly a year he had grown an imposing beard. Beards were not in order among the Black Friars. He was told to remove it. "Unwillingly, I must say, I had it off, because it seemed to me that in it I looked bolder, more considerable, more robust, comely and reverend, and if I might rightly have kept it, I would rather not have parted from it, as it is a natural ornament embellishing a man's face, and makes him appear strong and formidable."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 528 of this issue.

AN ANCIENT ABBEY CHURCH IN DANGER.



COMMEMORATING A ROMAN STANDARD BEARER: A LATE FIRST CENTURY A.D. MEMORIAL STONE IN HEXHAM ABBEY.



STANDING AT THE SOUTH-EAST END OF THE NAVE: PART OF ONE OF THE TWO CROSSES FROM ST. ACCA'S GRAVE, WHICH IS DECORATED ON THREE SIDES WITH VINES. C. 740 A.D.

THE HEXHAM ABBEY RESTORATION APPEAL.



ONLY RECENTLY RECEIVED BY THE ABBEY: A SAXON COPPER-GILT CHALICE—PERHAPS A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THE SMALL CHALICES USED WITH PORTABLE ALTARS



WITH ST. WILFRID'S FRITH STOOL STANDING IN THE CENTRE: THE CHOIR OF HEXHAM ABBEY—BUILT IN 1180 IN THE TRANSITIONAL STYLE.



UNTIL RECENTLY IN RUINS BUT NOW RESTORED WITH FUNDS RAISED LOCALLY: THE VESTIBULE OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE, WHICH IS NOW A CHAPEL DEDICATED TO ST. CUTHBERT, AND RESERVED FOR PRIVATE PRAYER.



ONCE USED BY THE CANONS AND TO-DAY USED BY THE CHOIR AND CLERGY: THE MIDNIGHT STAIRS—LEADING FROM THE CANONS' DORMITORY TO THE CHURCH.



BUILT BY ST. WILFRID OF STONES BROUGHT FROM THE ROMAN CAMP OF CORSTOPITUM: THE SAXON CRYPT—WHICH HAS BEEN RECENTLY REFURNISHED AS A CHAPEL.

The first church at Hexham was built in 674 by St. Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, on land given him by Queen Ethelreda of Northumbria. The present church, built by Augustinian Canons in about 1180 and to-day still the outstanding church of Northumberland, is used regularly for Christian worship as the Parish Church of Hexham. Some of the finest features and treasures of Hexham Abbey are shown on this page, and

drawings of the church by Dennis Flanders appear overleaf. The ravages of time have brought imminent danger to many portions of Hexham Abbey. "The tower is bulging at the top, roofs are leaking, and walls are affected by the water which has seeped through." £100,000—a figure far beyond local resources—is urgently needed to preserve this historic building, and a national appeal has been launched to raise this substantial sum.

The photograph of the Chalice is by J. E. Hedley, Hexham; the remaining photographs are by Turners (Photography) Ltd., Newcastle upon Tyne.



ABUTTING ON THE MARKET-PLACE OF HEXHAM: THE EAST FRONT OF HEXHAM ABBEY, BUILT IN 1858-60 TO A DESIGN ADAPTED FROM WHITBY ABBEY.



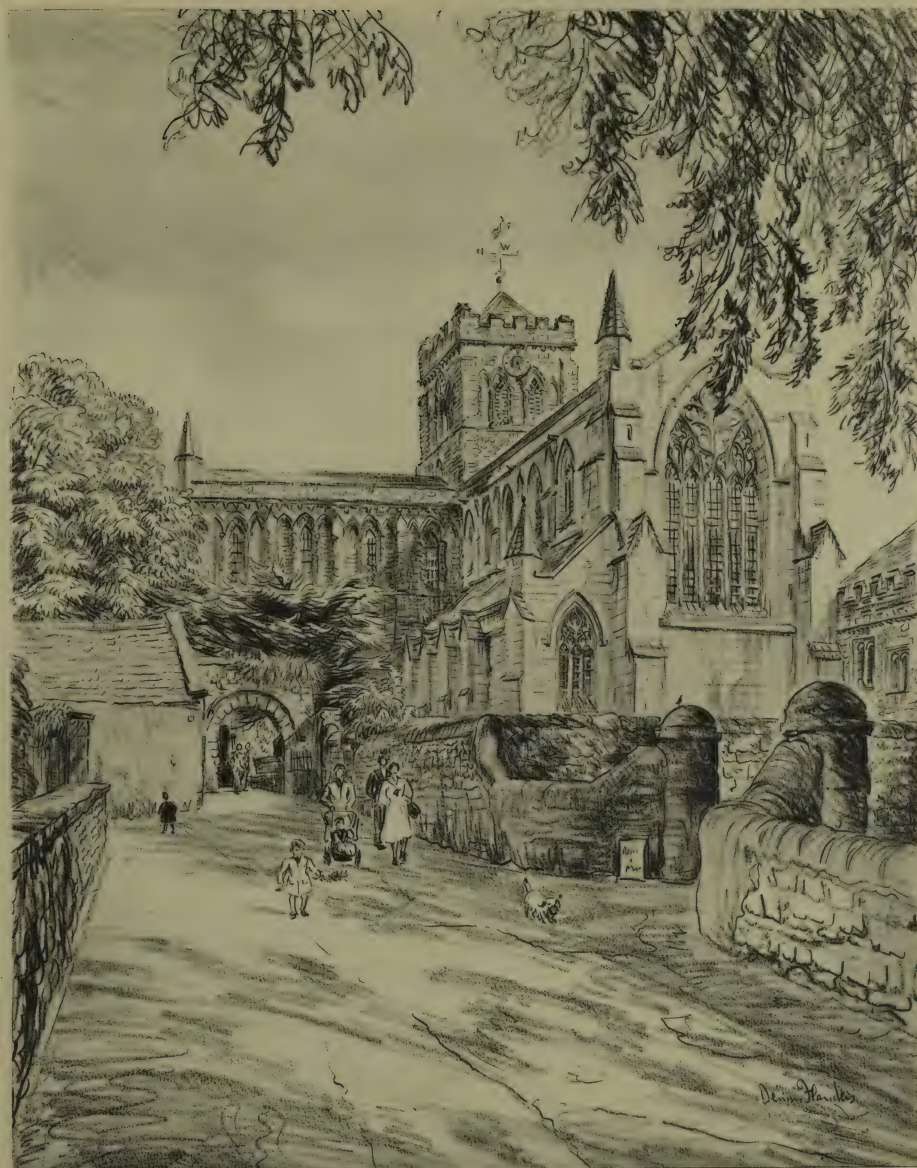
A LOVELY EXAMPLE OF THE EARLY ENGLISH STYLE: THE WEST SIDE OF THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF HEXHAM ABBEY, WITH ITS LONG LANCET WINDOWS.

IN URGENT NEED OF EXTENSIVE RESTORATION AND THE OBJECT OF A NATIONAL APPEAL:

In launching the Hexham Abbey Restoration Appeal in a letter to *The Times* on September 19, the Duke of Northumberland wrote: "Hexham Abbey . . . can claim both in its historical associations and in its architectural merits to be one of the most precious possessions of the English Church." The original church, built by St. Wilfrid in 674 and dedicated to St. Andrew, was described at the time as "without rival in size and magnificence north of the Alps." Portions of the Saxon building, notably the crypt, still survive.

The Frith Stool—a stone seat brought by St. Wilfrid from Italy to be his episcopal throne—is another link with the original Saxon church. Upon it the Kings and Queens of Northumbria used to be crowned and it was also used as a seat of sanctuary. Another early treasure is the almost unique Saxon chalice, which was recently presented to Hexham Abbey. The Font is a striking example of the historic evolution of this great church. The bowl, originally the base of a Roman pillar, was converted into a font for St. Wilfrid's

Drawn by our Special



HEXHAM ABBEY FROM THE WEST: THE NAVE WAS DESTROYED IN A BORDER RAID IN 1296 AND WAS ONLY REBUILT IN 1608.

HEXHAM ABBEY—"ONE OF THE MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSIONS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH."

Church. The stem is Early English, the cover Jacobean, and the canopy a mixture of fifteenth- and twentieth-century carving. The greater part of the church standing to-day was built in about 1180 by Augustinian Canons, in the Transitional and Early English styles. An outstanding feature of this period is the staircase leading from the Canons' dormitory into the church. Known as "The Midnight Stairs," it is still used to-day by the choir coming in procession to lead the worship every Sunday. The small town of Hexham

Artist, Dennis Flanders.

is rightly proud of its superb Parish Church, and over the years the parishioners have done much to maintain and embellish it. But the present urgent task of restoration is far beyond the means of this small country town, and if this great building is to be preserved for future generations generous assistance from far and near will be needed to raise the sum of £100,000 required. All donations should be sent to: The Honorary Treasurers, Hexham Abbey Restoration Appeal, G.P.O. Box No. 2, Hexham, Northumberland.

CHILDREN UNDER 15 CROSSING ROADS WITHOUT DUE CARE: 26,088

NUMBERS OF ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY PEDESTRIANS

PEDESTRIANS CROSSING THE ROAD HEEDLESS OF TRAFFIC: 19,068

PEOPLE KILLED AND INJURED IN AREAS SUBJECT TO A SPEED LIMIT
KILLED: 3,081. INJURED: 189,725PEOPLE KILLED AND INJURED ON ROADS NOT SUBJECT TO A SPEED LIMIT.
KILLED: 2,286. INJURED: 72,968

PEDESTRIANS STEPPING INTO ROAD BEHIND OR BETWEEN STATIONARY VEHICLES REGARDLESS OF TRAFFIC: 11,140

PEDESTRIANS STEPPING OR RUNNING OFF FOOTPATHS OR KERBS IN FRONT OF ON-COMING VEHICLES: 10,594

CHILDREN PLAYING IN THE ROAD HEEDLESS OF TRAFFIC: 1,389

PEDESTRIANS STOPPING AND TALKING IN THE ROAD: 2,451

THE DANGER HOURS

PEOPLE KILLED AND INJURED	PEOPLE KILLED AND INJURED
8AM-9AM 14,038	AGED UP TO 15
NOON-1PM 19,328	717 9592 36,700
5PM-6PM 27,027	103 7,742 21,582
	AGED 15-20
	227 14,207 44,195
	AGED 20-30
	356 8,668 29,915
	AGED 30-40
	570 7,148 26,167
SUNDAY 35,702	AGED 40-50
MONDAY 37,779	617 5,955 18,778
TUESDAY 38,325	AGED 50-60
WEDNESDAY 34,242	1278 7,173 17,301
THURSDAY 35,119	
FRIDAY 40,835	
SATURDAY 50,938	

PASSENGERS BOARDING OR ALIGHTING FROM PUBLIC SERVICE VEHICLES WITHOUT DUE CARE: 6,793

ACCIDENTS CAUSED BY DOGS ON THE ROAD: 2,647

CASUALTIES ON PEDESTRIAN "ZEBRA" CROSSINGS (INVOLVING PEDESTRIANS) KILLED: 100. SERIOUSLY INJURED: 875

CASUALTIES ON LIGHT CONTROLLED CROSSINGS (INVOLVING PEDESTRIANS) KILLED: 24. SERIOUSLY INJURED: 193

DANGEROUS AGES FOR ACCIDENTS

AGE	BADLY INJURED	SERIOUSLY INJURED
AGED UP TO 15	717	9592
AGED 15-20	103	7,742
AGED 20-30	227	14,207
AGED 30-40	356	8,668
AGED 40-50	570	7,148
AGED 50-60	617	5,955
AGED 60-80	1278	7,173

TYPES OF VEHICLES PRIMARILY INVOLVED IN ACCIDENTS

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES (WITHOUT TRAILERS): 34,641

PRIVATE CARS: 76,389

MOTOR CYCLES (ALL TYPES): 41,273

PEDAL CYCLES: 35,649

OTHER VEHICLES HORSES &c.: 1718

DEATHS AND SERIOUS INJURIES ON BRITISH ROADS IN 1956: AN ANALYSIS OF ACCIDENTS ATTRIBUTED TO PEDESTRIANS, AND OTHER FACTS CONCERNING ROAD CASUALTIES.

Nearly half the people killed on the roads last year, and about a quarter of those who suffered the in many respects worse fate of being seriously injured, were pedestrians. A large majority of the children, i.e., those under fifteen, both killed and seriously injured, were also on foot at the time of the accident. Out of the total of 5367 killed in all accidents, 717 were children under fifteen, and out of the total of 61,455 people seriously injured in all accidents, 9592

were children under fifteen. (These figures are comparable with those of the previous year, 1955.) In the annual summary of road accidents in Great Britain for 1956, issued by the Statistics Division of the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, nearly fifty thousand accidents are attributed to pedestrians and a considerable number to users of buses and other public service vehicles. Nearly all the accidents were caused by heedlessness, and only a few by errors

of judgment or by causes such as sudden illness. Drunkenness or the effect of drugs were also factors in only a small number of accidents attributed to pedestrians and public transport passengers. The most common way in which pedestrians caused accidents is described as "Heedless of traffic—crossing road not masked by vehicle," and the two other main causes are "Heedless of traffic—crossing road masked by a stationary vehicle" and

"Heedless of traffic—stepping, walking or running off footpath or verge into road." More accidents occurred on Fridays and Saturdays than on other days. A majority of road casualties last year, in nearly all age groups, were male. For those killed, the figures are, male 4011, female 1356; and for the seriously injured, male 44,468, and female 16,987. Of the total of 5367 killed, 1570 were men and women over sixty.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with official co-operation.

AT THE CURRENT R.P.S. EXHIBITION: CONTRASTED MORNING SCENES.

ON September 20 the Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Pictorial Exhibition opened in their gallery at 16, Prince's Gate, S.W.7, and will remain open until October 26 (on Monday to Friday from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.). The exhibition—from which we show some examples on this page and that facing it—is divided into five sections: monochrome prints; monochrome transparencies; colour prints; colour transparencies; and stereoscopic work. There are 366 exhibits from some 225 contributors in 22 countries. Rather more than half come from the United Kingdom; and there are 53 contributors from the United States. There is a long gap after this, but there are nine each from Hong Kong and Rumania, and seven each from Poland and Singapore. Later in the year the exhibition moves to Worcester, where it will be shown in the Art Gallery from Nov. 23 to Dec. 14.

(Right.)
"MISTY PICTURESQUE," BY S. F. DAN, A.R.P.S., OF HONG KONG. A MORNING SCENE OF HILLS, BIRDS AND WATER TREATED IN A TRADITIONAL ORIENTAL WAY.



"BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY . . .": ANOTHER, BUT STRONGLY CONTRASTED, MORNING SCENE, "HORSES OF THE COLLECTIVE FARM," BY N. SANDULESCU, OF RUMANIA.

AT THE R.P.S. EXHIBITION: STRIKING EXAMPLES FROM EAST AND WEST.



"MODERN PAINTER," BY K. H. WU, F.R.P.S., OF HONG KONG—A SCENE PERHAPS COMMONPLACE IN PARIS OR LONDON, BUT STRANGE IN HONG KONG.

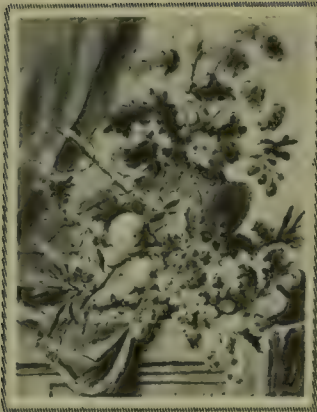
IN past years the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society used to cover a wide variety of photographic work; but more recently it has been the Society's custom to hold separate exhibitions of different types of photography. The exhibition, which opened on Sept. 20 at 16, Prince's Gate, S.W.7, and from which the examples in this issue are taken, is the Autumn Pictorial Exhibition. From November 7 to 21 an exhibition of Portraiture—Past and Present, and the Medical Group Exhibition will be staged; and this will be followed, from Nov. 28 to Dec. 20, by the Autumn Nature Exhibition. While the five examples we show from the current exhibition are perhaps typical of the monochrome print section, it should be remembered that this section's total is considerably exceeded by the joint total of the colour transparency and stereoscopic sections, which have been growing in size and interest for some years.



"SHALL WE DANCE?": ALSO FROM HONG KONG AND BY YU KAI MING, A.R.P.S.—A PLAYFUL GROUPING OF DOLLS AND A SCREEN OF REEDED GLASS.



"GRANGE BRIDGE FROM THE EAST," BY S. C. HOLBROOK, F.R.P.S., OF BEACONSFIELD—A PRINT WHICH CONVEYS THE VERY ESSENCE OF SPRING IN THE MOUNTAIN VALLEYS OF THIS ISLAND.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

APPLE CUCUMBERS AND STOLEN PEARS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A FEW days ago, whilst shopping in the little Cotswold town of Stow-on-the-Wold, I had a mild but most pleasant

glass. It is important to start them reasonably early, and if planted in the open it would probably be a good plan to give the young plants cloche protection at the start.

The plants are so easy to grow, and so prolific, that I can imagine apple cucumbers proving a

profitable crop, provided the public can be persuaded to overcome their fear of trying anything that they have not tried before, in fact anything that was not originally forced upon them in childhood. I can remember when

bananas were an almost unknown luxury fruit, and it was not, I believe, until a whole shipload was sent to this country to be distributed free by the fruit shops that the public began to lose their timidity of the strange things. A process rather like heavy ground-baiting in fishing for the wily and suspicious carp. If the demand by the public for apple cucumbers should prove disappointing at first, I do hope the enterprising grower, or growers, of Evesham will not be discouraged into giving them up. Perhaps a little ground-baiting at a tempting low price at first would create a line of apple cucumber addicts, and so promote this admirable vegetable from the novelty status to the must class.

surprise. In the window of one of the smaller greengrocer's shops (small, but always most enterprising) I saw a dish of what were unmistakably apple cucumbers. It must have been thirty-five or more years ago that some good friend in New Zealand—I wish I could remember his or her name—sent me a packet of seed labelled "Apple Cucumber." The name was new to me. I could find no such variety of cucumber in any of the many seed catalogues that I searched through, but, always delighted to try anything once (except, let me hasten to add, country dancing), I decided to give the seeds a trial.

I sowed them under glass, and grew the plants in the open air much as ridge cucumbers are grown. They responded splendidly, grew vigorously, and produced a tremendous crop of cucumbers of a type which I had never met before. In shape they were nearer a lemon than an apple, a rather blunt-ended lemon. In colour they were pale butter-yellow, and they were roughly the size of a double-yolked hen's egg. In fact they bore no sort of resemblance to the conventional cosh-shaped dark green cucumber of commerce. To eat, however, they are very like ordinary cucumbers—with a difference. To my mind they are greatly superior. Their skins are thin, and rather hard, almost horny. But peel them, and you have true cucumber; the same flavour, but more tender and much more juicy. It has been said that the apple cucumber is much more digestible than the normal green ones, and that folk who never dare touch them can eat apple cucumbers with impunity, and this I believe to be true. Certainly that has been my own experience.

At the time of my first acquaintance with this excellent little cucumber I was running my Six Hills Nursery and seed business at Stevenage, and I at once procured a supply of apple cucumber seeds from New Zealand. As a novelty it proved an immediate success, and from then until I retired from the business in 1946 it was an immensely popular best-seller. Yet greatly to my surprise I never saw the seed of apple cucumber offered in any other catalogue, and to-day I only know of one seed firm offering it in this country. And never until a few days ago had I seen the little cucumbers themselves for sale. Of course I went into the shop in Stow-on-the-Wold and bought several. They were 8d. each, and I was told that they had come from Evesham, which, of course, is a famous market gardening district. Well, it is good to know that some market grower has had the courage and enterprise to give this delicious little delicacy a trial, and I sincerely hope it will catch on and become plentiful, and perhaps eventually a little cheaper in the shops. It would be interesting to know whether these that I bought were grown in the open; or under



CUCURBITS—OR, IN OTHER WORDS, GOURDS, MARROWS, PUMPKINS, SQUASHES AND CUCUMBERS IN SOME OF THEIR DELIGHTFUL AND ENGAGING SHAPES, INCLUDING (BOTTOM ROW, SECOND FROM LEFT) A BASKET OF APPLE CUCUMBERS.

This photograph shows part of a Gold Medal exhibit staged by Sutton and Sons Ltd. at the R.H.S. Fortnightly Show on September 10-11 this year. It was put on partly from an educational standpoint but also in the hope of encouraging gardeners to adventure more widely in this great family. Many are excellent eating, all are a delight to the eye—especially the ensemble from "Swan Lake" at the top.

Photograph copyright Sutton and Sons, Ltd., Reading.

Another matter. Can anyone tell me what is the best thing to do about village boys as orchard thieves? A week ago two lads were seen stripping a young "Doyenne du Comice" pear tree in my garden, in broad daylight, and within fifty yards of the house. They took the whole crop, a couple of dozen or so pears as hard as bullets. The person who saw them at it was not able to catch them, though he could identify them. I asked a local fruit-grower what was the best thing to do. He told me that in his experience calling in the police does no more good than confronting the parents. Neither is likely, he told me, to make the boys wish they hadn't, and that, surely, is what is needed, and one is debarred from the most practical solution of the matter—catching them and giving them a good hiding. One can, of course, hope that the unripe pears will give the young devils the most excruciating belly-aches. But what a hope. When they find my "Doyenne du Comice" hard and unpalatable, they will probably use them as ammunition in their Wild West warfare.

The most poetic way of dealing with orchard thieves was employed on one occasion by an uncle of mine many years ago. He looked out from his bedroom window early one morning, and saw a couple of village louts well up in the branches of a big old standard apple tree on the lawn, gathering fruit for all they were worth. At once he took a long piece of cord, called his ferocious-looking bulldog, a family pet, and fastened one end of the cord to his collar. Then he strolled out, and, without saying a word, and apparently without noticing the boys, he fastened the other end of the cord to the trunk of the apple tree—and went in to breakfast. And then he left the dog, and the boys, until some time after lunch, when he went out, and without a word to the culprits untied the cord, and led the bulldog back to the house. Stiff, and sore, and sorry, the lads came down and hurried off, still half expecting the dog to be loosed upon them. But that, alas, is a poetic opportunity which might only happen once in a lifetime, if that.

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THE ROYAL FAMILY ON HOLIDAY: SOME INFORMAL SCENES AT BALMORAL.



OUT FOR AN AFTERNOON ON THE ESTATE: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE WITH TWO OF THE ROYAL CORGIS.



WAITING FOR THE NEXT MOVE: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND THE AYRSHIRE CALF TAKE STOCK OF THE SITUATION WHILE PRINCESS ANNE LOOKS ON WITH INTEREST.



A ROYAL MINIATURE RODEO: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL CHASING THE ELUSIVE CALF AFTER IT HAD PLAYFULLY BROKEN AWAY FROM HIM.



IN THE SAWMILL OF THE FORESTRY PLANTATION: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL TRIES HIS HAND AT THE SAWMILL WHILE HIS SISTER COVERS HER EARS AND HIS PARENTS LOOK ON WITH AMUSEMENT.

FOR over 100 years Balmoral Castle, which was designed by Prince Albert and completed in 1855, has been one of the favourite Royal homes. Amid the magnificent scenery and bracing air of Deeside, it makes a perfect setting for a family holiday. This year the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and their children have once again been spending their summer holiday at Balmoral. A favourite pastime with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne is to join their parents in a walk round the many interesting parts of the Balmoral estates. It was during such a walk that a Fleet Street photographer was invited to take these delightful informal photographs.



DURING THE VISIT TO THE DAIRY FARM: A HERDSMAN GIVING THE AYRSHIRE BULL A TIT-BIT AS THE ROYAL FAMILY LOOK ON.



M. EDOUARD VON DER HEYDT has been an ardent collector of works of art all his life and his interests have been by no means confined to the sculpture illustrated on these pages. His house in Holland, destroyed by the Nazis, contained some splendid Renaissance tapestries and bronzes, and his home at Ascona, on Lake Maggiore, is hardly less distinguished. His chief delight, however, has been in sculpture, whether in bronze, wood or stone from the Mediterranean basin, from India and the Far East, from Oceania and from Africa. When I first knew him—it must be about twenty-five years ago—his collection, already extensive, was scattered about on loan to more than twenty museums throughout the world, including the Victoria and Albert. Since then it has received some notable additions and now forms the major part of the Rietberg Museum of the City of Zürich, which is housed in the Villa Wesendonck, built a century ago to the plan of the Villa Albani in Rome. It was a nineteenth-century fashion to classify such things as works either of art or of ethnographical interest. Von der Heydt would have none of this pseudo-scientific nomenclature. To him an African mask was no less a work of art than the sculptures of the Parthenon, differing in degree but not in kind. Everything he acquired was bought on its artistic merit, not because it illustrated some historical trend or folk-lore whimsy. The result is a coherent series of more than 2000 sculptures, large and small, stone, bronze and wood, garnered from many periods and many lands, believed to be unique of its kind and including more masterpieces than any one man has a right to expect.

The Western mind, with its memories of Egyptian, Greek and mediæval tradition, often finds it hard to understand how it was that the Chinese regarded sculpture as a second-rate art, and yet, during comparatively brief periods, produced works which can be compared with the finest of any age or country—something, for example, so obviously splendid as the standing *Bodhisattva* of Fig. 2, or as austere and benign as the more archaic Buddha of Fig. 3, with its strange resemblance to many eleventh- and twelfth-century Romanesque carvings in Europe. The former, which can be dated to about A.D. 700, and has long since been justly famous, is a figure of extraordinary grace—Indian sensuousness refined by Chinese sensibility—and is surely sufficient to refute the oft-repeated statement that the Chinese never—no, never—took an interest in the beauty of the human body. The latter (Fig. 3) belongs to the sixth century (Wei Dynasty) and represents the future Buddha, who is still waiting for his incarnation, flanked by two lion guardians, with the right hand raised in the *abhaya mudra*, i.e., the gesture signifying chasing away evil.

While we can appreciate Chinese Buddhist sculpture of this character readily enough, most of us have to make a distinct effort to come to terms with much of the Indian. We are accustomed to Greek gods and Christian saints made

in the likeness of man. A many-armed *Vishnu* is to some perplexing, to others revolting, while yet others shy away like frightened horses from the frank eroticism which is inherent in much of Hindu art. It is not that we are necessarily better behaved, but that we cherish a certain traditional reticence; let Venus be unadorned provided she can be mistaken for Diana. Indian art has no such inhibitions, deals in no equivocations—and, sculpturally, how superb it can be, as in the bronze, from Southern India, Chola Dynasty, Fig. 1. The type is familiar enough—there is a fine example in the Victoria and Albert Museum collection—and shows the Heavenly Dancer, *Shiva*, dancing amid flames and giving life to the world. He is both creator and destroyer, and so holds the flame of death in one hand. He stands on the demon of epilepsy, whom he has conquered. In his flying hair is the sun's disk and, on the other side, *Ganga*, goddess of fertility, whom he caught up as she fell from heaven. Such bronzes were kept in the temples and carried through the streets on days of festival.

Illustrated on the facing page (centre, left) is a black stone carving of a nymph from Orissa, 12th century—a *Yakshi*, the nearest thing in Indian mythology to the Greek hamadryad, though, unlike the latter, very definitely in the service of Eros, for the tree beneath which she stands—the asoka tree—is itself a symbol of fertility and only blossoms when a young woman is touching it. No doubt social historians and other earnest persons will note that ideals of feminine beauty in twelfth-century Orissa approximated very closely to those in favour in the cinema industry in this year of grace. Offshoots of this monumental Indian culture are to be seen in some notable pieces, both stone and bronze, from Siam, Indo-China and Java, the immense area of the South Seas, in two rooms devoted to exhibits from New Guinea down to New Zealand, while two other rooms are filled with West African masks, Benin bronzes, and a great variety of those expressive carvings in wood which exercised so great an influence, for good or ill, upon European painting not so many years ago.

Chinese ceramics are confined to Han, T'ang and Sung Dynasty wares—that is, to the wares of rather more than 1200 or 1300 years down to

the fall of the Northern Sung Dynasty in A.D. 1127, and there are three rooms of early paintings from both China and Japan, among the former two scrolls which describe the theme of "The Wise Man before the Waterfall," in which the sage meditates over the inflexible hardness of the rocks, the force of the plunging water and its eventual dissolution into spray—an allegory of the relationship of man and the universe expressed by the most delicate of brush-strokes.

Objects from Egypt, from Cyprus, from Mesopotamia and from Mexico, Peru and Ecuador complete this picture of man's perpetual striving for self-expression through the work of his hands, while a series of peasant masks from the Swiss valleys, naturally of very great local interest, will be a surprise to anyone who has fondly imagined that Switzerland is inhabited entirely by watch-makers, hotel proprietors, ski instructors and mountain guides.



FIG. 1. A WORLD-FAMOUS SOUTHERN INDIAN SCULPTURE IN THE VON DER HEYDT COLLECTION AT THE RIETBERG MUSEUM IN ZÜRICH: *SHIVA NATARAJA*, THE HEAVENLY DANCER, AN ELEVENTH-CENTURY CHOLA DYNASTY BRONZE. (Height, 32½ ins.)



FIG. 2. "INDIAN SENSUOUSNESS REFINED BY CHINESE SENSIBILITY": A T'ANG DYNASTY *BODHISATTVA*, IN YELLOWISH SANDSTONE WITH TRACES OF PINK ON A THIN COATING OF WHITE GESSO, FROM A CAVE OF "THE HEAVENLY DRAGON MOUNTAIN," SHANSI PROVINCE. (Height, 39½ ins.)



FIG. 3. *BODHISATTVA MAITREYA*, THE FUTURE BUDDHA: A CHINESE RELIEF FROM THE CAVE TEMPLE OF LUNG-MEN, SIXTH CENTURY A.D. FRANK DAVIS DISCUSSES THESE SUPERB PIECES FROM THE VON DER HEYDT COLLECTION AT THE RIETBERG MUSEUM IN HIS ARTICLE. (Stone: height, 21½ ins.)

It is this universality of intention on the part of all peoples, primitive or sophisticated, which is the underlying principle by which the collection has been formed, and it remains a singularly impressive memorial to the imaginative insight of a single individual.

FROM THE VON DER HEYDT COLLECTION IN ZÜRICH: FINE CHINESE AND INDIAN SCULPTURES.



DATED MAY 22, A.D. 520: A CHINESE VOTIVE STELE WITH BUDDHISTIC SCENES IN RELIEF ON ALL SIDES.

(Brownish limestone: height, 49½ ins.)

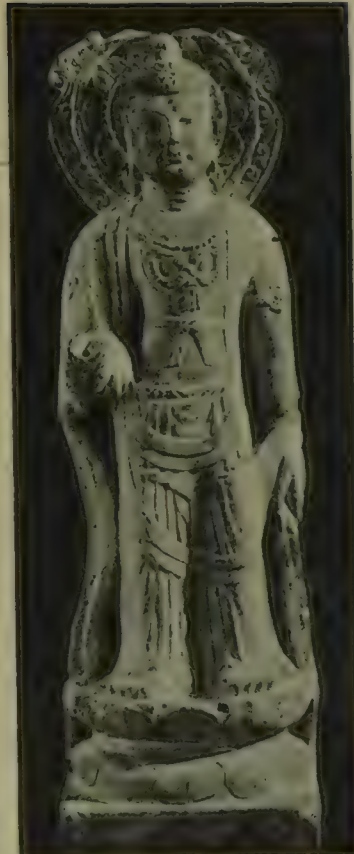
IN his article this week Frank Davis writes about the outstanding collection of Oriental, African and Oceanian sculpture formed by M. Edouard von der Heydt, and now housed in the Musée Rietberg of the City of Zürich. Nine further pieces from this famous collection are shown on this page—five of them Chinese and four Indian. It is particularly interesting to see together the two Chinese *Bodhisattva Kuan-yin* figures—the T'ang figure being male and the later Sung, female—and the Indian equivalent, the

(Continued opposite.

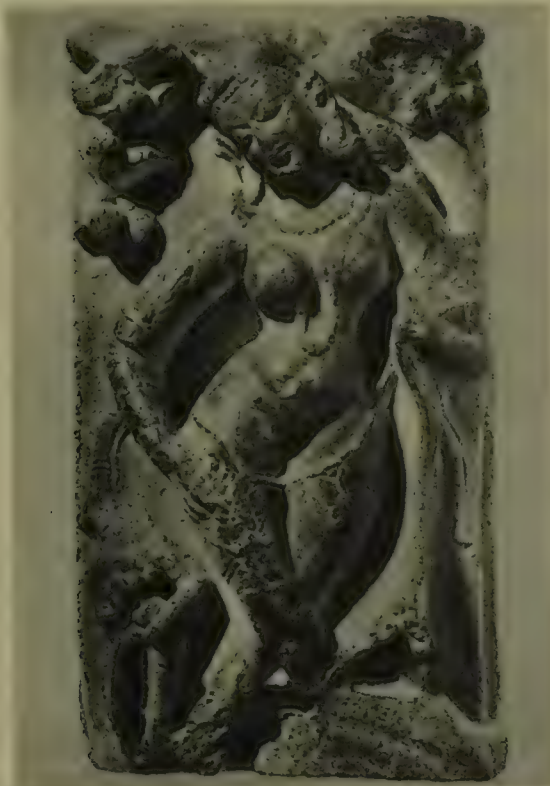


FOUND IN ANYANG, HONAN PROVINCE: A SHANG DYNASTY T'AO T'IEH OF ABOUT 1400 B.C.—A MONSTER MASK FAMILIAR ON EARLY BRONZES. (White marble: height, 10½ ins.)

Continued.] *Bodhisattva Padmapāni*, from a period between the date of the two Chinese figures. All three pieces have a magnificent feeling of dignity and calm—as befits a redeemer and God of mercy. The Chinese *Kuan-yin* has achieved the highest stage of spiritual development, but has promised not to become Buddha until all mankind has been saved. In striking contrast to these pieces is the superb Sung Dynasty sculpture of a tiger—an example of the most forceful elements of Chinese sculpture.



BODHISATTVA KUANYIN: EARLY SEVENTH CENTURY A.D. KUANYIN IS ADORER AS REDEEMER AND GOD OF MERCY. (Stone: Height, 42½ ins.)



YAKSHI UNDER AN ASOKA TREE: A TWELFTH-CENTURY INDIAN RELIEF, PROBABLY FROM ORISSA. YAKSHI, A HEAVENLY NYMPH, IS THE SYMBOL OF FEMALE GRACE AND FERTILITY. (Black stone: height, 11½ ins.)



KALI, WIFE OF SHIVA: A CHOLA DYNASTY BRONZE FROM SOUTH INDIA, CAST IN THE LOST WAX TECHNIQUE. THE GODDESS IS SITTING IN THE SUKTASANA POSE.



BODHISATTVA PADMAPANI—AN INDIAN EQUIVALENT OF THE CHINESE KUANYIN: A TENTH-CENTURY A.D. BLACK STONE RELIEF FROM MAGADHA BIHAR. (Height, 37½ ins.)



A SUNG DYNASTY WOODEN STATUE OF BODHISATTVA KUANYIN, OF c. 1200 A.D. KUANYIN IS A MAN UP TO THE SUNG DYNASTY, BUT THEN MERGES INTO A CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER GODDESS. (Height, 35½ ins.)



SHIVA AND PARVATI: A NORTH INDIAN GREY SANDSTONE RELIEF OF THE EIGHTH OR NINTH CENTURY A.D. THE FOUR-ARMED HINDU GOD SHIVA IS RIDING ON THE HOLY BULL NANDI, HOLDING HIS WIFE AND THE TRISHULA TRIDENT. (Height, 12½ ins.)



ORIGINALLY GUARDING AN ALLEY LEADING TO THE TOMBS: A POWERFUL SUNG DYNASTY SCULPTURE OF A TIGER, OF ABOUT THE TENTH CENTURY A.D. (Yellowish sandstone: height, 32½ ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MINKEL, alas, is no more. When she failed twice running to appear, after her food was put into her pen, search was made and she was found curled up as if asleep. But it was her last sleep. She came to us two years ago as very much an orphan of the storm. Her previous owner farmed mink in a small way, and as this one had a poor pelt and seemed unwilling to breed, he proposed to do away with her. Fortunately, he had the idea of telephoning to us, and we gladly gave her a home. Her new quarters consisted of a wire cage 7 ft. by 4 ft. by 7 ft. high, which seemed ample space for a small animal a foot long. Inside, the cage was furnished with

THE CURIOSITY OF A MINK.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

underwater round and round the walls of the bath, occasionally thrusting a foot against a wall to increase her speed.

When fully in the mood, she might bathe for half an hour, coming out at intervals to dry herself and then plunging in again. Always, at the end of a bathing session, she would finish up by drying her fur. This was accomplished by squeezing herself through one of the several tunnels she had

Hemisphere, are so typically land animals that one seldom visualises them in the water. Yet most animals can swim if put to it, and presumably these are no exceptions. There is at least one account of a stoat swimming in a river, and the description suggests that it must have been romping much as *Minkel* did. The eye-witness told, however, of the stoat swimming in ever wider circles until its orbit took it to the water's edge, where it suddenly pounced on an unsuspecting water-vole on the bank.

We are prone to speak of aquatic and terrestrial animals as if separated by a sharp dividing line, but there are many gradations between the two extremes, and, moreover, the transition from the one to the other, in terms of evolution, must be relatively simple. Otters, also members of the *Mustelidae*, have the advantage of a waterproof fur, ears and nostrils that can be closed under water, and a rudder-like tail, as well as the webbed feet. Even so, their skill in the water is not so markedly greater than was *Minkel's*, although they can probably sustain the swimming and diving for longer periods. This is to say that any member of *Mustelidae* taking habitually to water is already equipped to do so by its innate pattern of movement and only needs the refinements of the rudder-tail, waterproof fur, and the rest, to make it wholly, or specially, adapted to the aquatic life.

It had long been our intention to buy a large glass aquarium as a substitute for the porcelain sink in *Minkel's* cage, for it seemed worth while to try for photographic records of a mink swimming. Unfortunately, when keeping a number of pets the expense is continuous and many desirable items of equipment are continually allowed to belong to the future. Some attempts were made to obtain the desired pictures, with the existing bath, and a fair amount of film was wasted as a result. It was not only that *Minkel's* movements in the water were rapid and not easy to catch in the viewfinder, but her insatiable curiosity had to be taken into account. She might be thoroughly enjoying her bath, but if one went in with a camera, the likelihood was that she would cease operations in the water until she had fully inspected the camera and the person holding it. Even then, after she had returned to the water, any movement by the photographer might arouse her curiosity and cause her to suspend her bathing.

Curiosity is a compelling attribute of the higher animals. It goes farther than merely putting the subject *en rapport* with its surroundings. Under test, monkeys and apes have been seen to leave a favourite food in order to satisfy curiosity. They will suspend the meal entirely in order to go to the opposite side of the cage, to peer uncomfortably through a small window, if there is any sound of movement outside. It is very like the habit of certain people in some parts of the world—as I am reliably informed—of peeping through the curtains to see what their neighbours are doing.

There is an obvious biological value to wild animals in this sense of curiosity. In ourselves it has led to a variety of accomplishments, and is, of course, at the bottom of what we call a spirit of enquiry. In most members of the *Mustelidae* it seems to be far stronger than is necessary merely for purposes of successful living. It has become almost an obsession with them to see what is going on, and many a stoat or marten must have lost its life through this inordinate desire to see what the man with the gun is about to do.

Animals were originally classified on their anatomical similarities, particularly on the architecture of the bones in the skull. The grouping thus arrived at was well-founded, as shown also by the behaviour. When keeping a variety of animals under observation one soon begins to realise how the general bearing and deportment of animals as different in body as, say, mink and badger, unquestionably stamps them as family relations. For the *Mustelidae* I would put a sense of extreme curiosity as one of the more important diagnostic features.



RESEMBLING THE ENGLISH POLECAT IN SIZE: A MINK WHICH IS USUALLY A RICH DARK BROWN IN COLOUR WITH THE BACK DARKER AND THE TAIL NEARLY BLACK. THERE IS SOME WHITE ON THE JAWS.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

The two species of mink are *Mustela (Lutreola) lutreola* of Europe, and *Mustela (Lutreola) vison* of North America. Another form, *sibiricus*, from eastern Asia, connects the true minks with the polecats. The length of the head and body of the mink is usually from 15 to 18 ins. and the tail is about 9 ins. long. The female is smaller than the male. The principal characteristic of the mink is its amphibious mode of life, and it swims and dives with ease. Its food is very varied and includes crustacea, molluscs and vertebrates.

rocks and turf, to form a sleeping-chamber, logs and root-stumps to scramble over, and an old porcelain sink filled with water.

She was a most entertaining pet, tame enough if one went into her cage, but she never learned that a finger pushed through the wire to stroke her was intended as a friendly gesture. Her procedure was always the same: she would sniff the finger, test it with her teeth, decide it was edible, then sink her teeth into it. After all, she was a carnivore, so who could blame her. Other than this her friendliness was never in doubt. As soon as she heard someone coming up the garden path, she would stop whatever else she was doing, scramble up the wire of the cage and follow, as far as her prison-walls permitted, the path that person took. If you walked round her cage she would keep pace with you, inside the wire, level with your head, peering all the time inquisitively at you.

Perhaps the greatest joy was to see her bathing. She usually managed to empty her bath more or less by her splashing, and as soon as a fresh supply of water was added she would plunge in to swim adeptly. She would swim round and round, with frequent rolling and somersaulting, and executing, with her lithe body, a wide variety of acrobatics of the sort that cannot easily be described in words. The total pattern of her bathing was, however, very like that of the play which her near relatives, the stoat, weasel and polecat, carry out on land. As well as swimming at the surface she would indulge in much the same movements completely submerged, a favourite trick being to swim



"PERHAPS THE GREATEST JOY WAS TO SEE HER BATHING": *MINKEL* ENJOYING A SWIM. SHE WOULD GO ROUND AND ROUND HER BATH AND INDULGE IN FREQUENT ROLLING AND SOMERSAULTING AND A WIDE VARIETY OF ACROBATICS. [Photograph by Jane Burton.]

made in the earth on the floor of her cage. The drying operation was not, however, as passive as this, as we were able to see when she used a vertical tunnel. Then she would disappear leaving only her hind-legs and tail protruding, and before long we would see that she was moving her whole body up and down within the tunnel as if rubbing her fur against its walls. She also had the trick of rubbing the back of her head and neck over the surface of a log, presumably to finish off the drying process.

Stoats, weasels, polecats and martens, which also represent the family *Mustelidae* in the Northern

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



INVOLVED IN LEGAL PROCEEDINGS IN GHANA: MR. IAN COLVIN.

Mr. Ian Colvin, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the central figure in a legal battle arising from contempt of court actions brought against him by the Government of Ghana. Mr. Colvin, at one time refused permission to leave Ghana, has flown back to London, while Mr. Christopher Shawcross, Q.C., who appeared for Mr. Colvin, has been banned from re-entering Ghana.



ELECTED U.N. PRESIDENT FOR THE COMING YEAR: SIR LESLIE MUNRO.

On September 17 the General Assembly of the United Nations opened its twelfth session by electing Sir Leslie Munro, of New Zealand, as its President for the coming year. Sir Leslie, who was born in 1901, has been his country's Ambassador to the United States and New Zealand's Permanent Representative to the United Nations since 1952.



KNIGHTED ON RETIREMENT AS PREMIER OF NEW ZEALAND: MR. S. G. HOLLAND.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. S. G. Holland as a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath on the occasion of his relinquishing the office of Prime Minister of New Zealand. Mr. Holland, who is sixty-three, retired from the Premiership on September 20. He had been Prime Minister since the National Party attained office in 1949.



A BOLD GOVERNMENT ECONOMIC POLICY: MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT.

On September 19, the eve of his departure for the economic meetings at Washington, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced a rise in Bank Rate from 5 to 7 per cent., the highest level since 1920. Other measures to maintain the value of the pound include a restriction of capital investment and an intensification of the credit "squeeze."



(Left.) LEADER OF A BLOODLESS COUP IN THAILAND: MARSHAL SARIT THANARAT.

On September 17 the forces of Marshal Sarit Thanarat, C-in-C. of the Army, seized power in Thailand and overthrew the Government of Marshal Pibul Songgram, who fled to Cambodia. On the day after the peaceful coup d'état, King Phumipol dissolved the Assembly and called for new elections within ninety days.



THE GREAT FINNISH COMPOSER DIES: JEAN SIBELIUS.

Just as a public performance of his Fifth Symphony was beginning in the concert hall at Helsinki, Jean Sibelius, the world-famous Finnish composer, died on the evening of September 20 at his home outside the capital. He was ninety-one. Next to Finland, where it was tremendously popular, Sibelius's music was best appreciated in England. His compositions have a strong national character, and when he was only thirty Sibelius was granted a State pension. Outstanding among his prolific compositions are Sibelius's seven symphonies, in which his musical development is most clearly to be seen. There is to be a State funeral.

(Right.) TO BE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR: GENERAL SIR C. KEIGHTLEY.

General Sir Charles Keightley, who is fifty-six, is to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Gibraltar in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Harold Redman, whose term of office expires next year. General Keightley, who was formerly C-in-C., Middle East Land Forces, commanded the Allied forces in the Suez Canal zone landings last November.



(Right.) APPOINTED AS AMBASSADOR TO NEPAL: MR. LEONARD SCOPES.

Mr. Leonard A. Scopes, a member of the Foreign Office Corps of Inspectors, has been appointed as British Ambassador at Katmandu, in succession to Mr. R. B. B. Tollinton. Mr. Scopes, who is forty-five, was educated at St. Dunstan's College and Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He joined the Consular Service in 1933 and has served in many countries.



(Left.) TO BE AMBASSADOR TO ARGENTINA: SIR JOHN WARD.

Sir John Ward, until recently a Deputy Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, has been appointed British Ambassador in Buenos Aires in succession to Sir Francis Evans, who is retiring. Sir John Ward, who is forty-eight, was educated at Wellington and Pembroke College, Cambridge. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1931 and has served in London and abroad.



ARRIVING FOR HIS FIRST REHEARSAL: MR. RUDOLPH SCHWARZ (RIGHT), CHIEF CONDUCTOR OF THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, BEING GREETED BY MR. PAUL BEARD. Mr. Rudolph Schwarz, who has succeeded Sir Malcolm Sargent, was to conduct his first concert as Chief Conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra on September 25. Mr. Schwarz, who was born in Austria in 1905, was conductor of the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra from 1947-51, and then of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra.



AFTER MALAYA'S ADMISSION AS THE EIGHTY-SECOND MEMBER OF THE UNITED NATIONS: DR. ISMAIL BIN DATO ABDUL RAHMAN TALKING FROM THE ROSTRUM.

On September 17, at the opening of the new session of the General Assembly, Malaya was admitted by a unanimous vote, thus becoming the eighty-second member State of the United Nations. Malaya's representative, Dr. Ismail bin Dato Abdul Rahman, took his place amid loud applause, which was followed by speeches of welcome.

FROM THE BARBICAN TO CONGO: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS PICTURES FROM CANADA AND THE U.K.



WHERE A RESIDENTIAL AREA WILL ARISE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY IF THE BARBICAN PLAN GOES THROUGH: THE DEVASTATED AREA NEAR ST. GILES' CHURCH.

Elsewhere in this issue we show a model of the new Barbican project for the development of the large devastated area in the City of London. The project, whose cost is estimated at about £17,000,000, was approved by the Court of Common Council on September 19.



A LORRY CRASH WHICH THREATENED THAMESVILLE, ONTARIO, WITH A DEADLY EMERGENCY: BURST CYANIDE CONTAINERS. On September 19 at Thamesville, Ontario, a train crashed into a lorry and scattered its cargo, 25 tons of cyanide dust. Rain or dew would have released deadly fumes; and 1000 volunteers raced against time to sweep up the deadly crystals.



A HARBOUR AT SURBITON: A DISUSED METROPOLITAN WATER BOARD BASIN, LEASED AS A PRIVATE VENTURE AND CONVERTED INTO A SMALL BOAT HAVEN, WHERE MOORING SPACE CAN BE HIRED.



RAVENS CRAIG WORKS, THE NEW INTEGRATED IRON AND STEEL PLANT AT MOTHERWELL, NEAR GLASGOW, WHICH HAS COST AN ESTIMATED £22,500,000.

Construction of this new plant opened by Colvilles Ltd. began in 1954, and it now comprises a blast furnace and three open-hearth steel furnaces. Two more blast furnaces and up to five more steel furnaces are planned. In full production it will consume 12,000 tons of ore a week.



INSIDE THE WEST LONDON B.E.A. AIR TERMINAL, WHICH IS DUE TO COME INTO USE ON OCTOBER 6: THE PASSENGER "PROCESSING" FLOOR.

On the night of October 5-6, the B.E.A. Air Terminal near Waterloo Station will cease operations and the newly-built terminal on the Cromwell Road between Gloucester Road and Earls Court Road will come into action. The new terminal is built over the District Railway.



CONGO, A THREE-YEAR-OLD CHIMPANZEE, WITH ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS AT THE LONDON ZOO. THE PAINTINGS, CONSIDERED INTERESTING PSYCHOLOGICALLY, ARE ALSO THOUGHT TO COMPARE FAVOURABLY WITH THOSE OF SOME HUMAN "ABSTRACTIONISTS."

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH SILVER: TO BE SHOWN IN AMSTERDAM, ROME AND GENEVA.



FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS: A SILVER-GILT SCONE OF c. 1670, BEARING THE MARK OF CHARLES SHELLEY AND THE MONOGRAM OF WILLIAM AND MARY. (Height, 20½ ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



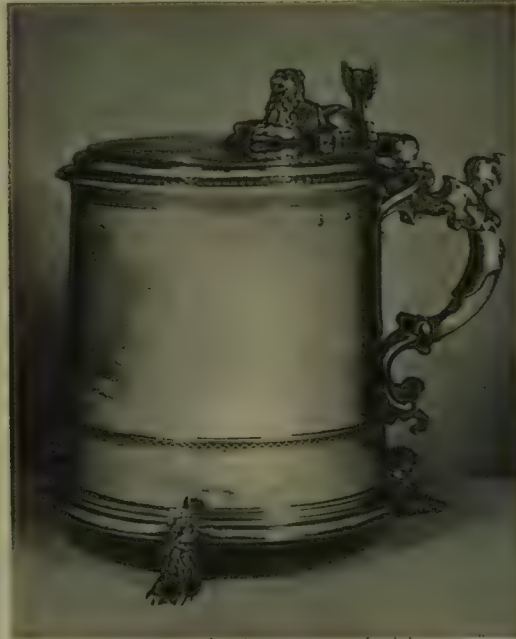
MADE IN 1742-43 FOR FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES: A SILVER-GILT SALT-CELLAR IN THE FORM OF A CRAB, BEARING THE MARK OF NICHOLAS SPRIMONT, A FRENCHMAN, TRAINED AT LIEGE, WHO BECAME HEAD OF THE CHELSEA PORCELAIN FACTORY. (Length, 6½ ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



A FINE EXAMPLE OF QUEEN ANNE DOMESTIC SILVER: A CHOCOLATE POT, MADE IN LONDON IN 1703-4, AND BEARING THE MAKER'S MARK OF HUMPHREY PAYNE. (Height, 9½ ins.) (Mr. and Mrs. Assheton-Bennett.)



DECORATED WITH RELIEF FIGURES OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, PROBABLY DESIGNED BY BENEDETTO PISTRUCCI: A LARGE SILVER-GILT SALVER MADE IN LONDON IN 1822-23, AND BEARING THE MARK OF PHILIP RUNDELL. (Diameter, 28½ ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



AN OUTSTANDING PIECE MADE IN LONDON IN 1671-72: A SILVER-GILT TANKARD, BEARING THE MAKER'S MARK DR UNDER A CORONET, A PELLET BELOW. (Height 10½ ins.) (The Drapers' Company.)



GIVEN BY QUEEN CHARLOTTE TO GEORGE IV WHEN PRINCE OF WALES: A SILVER-GILT PORRINGER, COVER AND STAND—LONDON, 1763-64, MAKER'S MARK OF THOMAS HEMING. (Diameter of Porringer, 6½ ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



THE EARLIEST PIECES IN THE EXHIBITION, MADE IN LONDON IN 1660-61: A SILVER-GILT PORRINGER AND COVER WITH A SILVER-MAKER'S MARK DR WITH STARS AND PELLETS ABOVE AND BELOW. (Diameter of salver, 18½ ins.) (The Earl of Lonsdale.)

The exhibition of English Silver, 1660-1830, which is to be sent on a Continental tour by the British Council, consists of 104 pieces lent from public and private collections in this country. The exhibition provides a striking survey of the work of silversmiths active in this country between the Restoration period—when their craft had to make a fresh start and was

much influenced by Continental traditions—and the Regency period. The exhibition will first be seen at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, from October 12 to November 17. Then it is to be shown at the Palazzo Venezia in Rome, from November 23 to January 12, 1958; and finally at the Musée d'Art et d'Histoire in Geneva, from January 18 to February 23.

A COUNTRY'S ELEVEN-YEAR "SUCCESS STORY": THE GROWTH OF KUWAIT, 1946-1957.



ONE OF THE OLDEST ARAB HOUSES IN KUWAIT—THAT OF SHAIKH ABDULLA JABIR—RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE STATE FOR USE AS A MUSEUM.



THE MAIN SQUARE IN KUWAIT TOWN, LOOKING NORTHWARDS. THIS TOWN IS BELIEVED TO HAVE COME INTO BEING EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE PRESIDENT OF PUBLIC SECURITY, SHAIKH ABDULLA AL MUBARAK, IN KUWAIT.



OIL PROSPERITY HAS LED TO MUCH BUILDING IN KUWAIT AND TO THE ADOPTION OF MODERN MATERIALS AND METHODS: A BUILDING OF 1950.



THE KUWAIT WATERFRONT, WITH NARROW LANES WINDING DOWN TO THE QUAYS WHERE THE LARGE "BOOMS" (DHOWS) ARE MOORED.



A BRANCH OF THE BANK OF THE MIDDLE EAST AND IRAN—IN THE CENTRE OF KUWAIT. THE COUNTRY'S WEALTH HAS INCREASED BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

THE recent announcement that Kuwait Oil Company is to build a second oil pier near Mina al Ahmadi, Kuwait, at the cost of \$8,000,000, focuses attention on this small sheikhdom—about the size of Wales—which is now the world's fourth largest oil-producing country, although commercial production began only in 1946. This follows the June announcement that the existing oil terminal facilities—an oil pier with eight loading berths and five additional sea berths—were being expanded by the addition of two new sea berths to handle 1,500,000 barrels a day. Kuwait Oil Company Ltd. came into being in 1934, and surveying and drilling were proceeding encouragingly until early in the war, when operations were suspended and the wells plugged as a precautionary measure. Operations were resumed in 1945, and the first shipment of crude oil was made in June 1946. Production in 1946 totalled 797,350 long tons of crude oil. By 1951 this had risen to 27,783,170 long tons, and in 1956—ten years after the start—it reached 54,117,349 tons. The oil is piped from the field to the coast and is here transferred to tankers either from the Mina al Ahmadi oil pier, a major engineering feat stretching 4140 ft. out

SEPTEMBER 28, 1957—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—523 HOW KUWAIT HAS BECOME THE WORLD'S FOURTH LARGEST OIL PRODUCER.



THE STATE TECHNICAL COLLEGE AT SHUWAIKH: A FINE BUILDING DESIGNED TO PROVIDE TRAINING FOR 600 STUDENTS IN ENGINEERING AND LIKE SKILLS.



A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN KUWAIT IN WHICH THE ALTERNATING GRILLES MAKE A PLEASING FEATURE, WHILE SERVING A VITAL PURPOSE.



ARAB WORKERS IN A KUWAIT DRILLING TEAM. MORE THAN 230 WELLS HAVE BEEN DRILLED IN THE BURGAN, MAGWA AND AHMADI AREAS.

to sea and alongside which the largest modern tankers can berth; or else by the submarine pipelines to marine berths. The gas from the oilfields is used to run the refinery and power station and, in Ahmadi, for domestic and industrial use; and in Kuwait itself as fuel for the State sea-water distillation plant, power station and brick factory. The refinery mentioned, located at Mina al Ahmadi, produces motor gasoline, kerosene and gas oil for local consumption as well as furnace oil and marine diesel oils for bunkering ships calling at the port. Work is going on to expand it to six times its present capacity. It likewise produces bitumen for the State's road-making programme. During this period the State of Kuwait, which since 1951 has received a half-share of the total profits, has, of course, increased enormously in wealth; and under the enlightened rule of Shaikh Sir Ahmad al Jabir al Sabah (until 1950) and, since then of his cousin, Shaikh Sir Abdullah al Salim al Sabah, excellent use has been made of this wealth and Kuwait is being developed into one of the best-planned and equipped countries of the world.



THE ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE OF THE KUWAIT OIL COMPANY'S OPERATIONS: THE HEADQUARTERS BUILDING AT AHMADI, 22 MILES SOUTH OF KUWAIT TOWN.



CHILDREN IN ONE OF KUWAIT'S KINDERGARTEN SCHOOLS. THERE ARE IN ALL FIFTY-FIVE STATE SCHOOLS, INCLUDING FOUR MIXED KINDERGARTENS.



KUWAITIS BEING TRAINED AS OIL-RIG MEN AT THE MAGWA TRAINING CENTRE, WHERE THE COMPANY HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING LOCAL SKILL FOR 5½ YEARS.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

"THE LATEST IMMORTALS."

By J. C. TREWIN.

FIRST, I want, with all courtesy, to dissent from a publisher's "blurb." It appears on the jacket of a play-text, "The Entertainer,"* by John Osborne. The writer, after using various complimentary, if debatable, epithets, says that Archie Rice—and here none would object to the phrase "superbly played by Sir Laurence Olivier"—has "joined Jimmy Porter among the latest immortals."

Mildly, I suggest that the author of this statement must have enviable prevision. There they go: Hamlet, Macbeth, others from the distant past, and now, from our own day, Jimmy Porter (he is a character in an earlier piece by Mr. Osborne, "Look Back In Anger"), and, finally, Archie Rice. I am sure Archie would be pleased; but I am not altogether happy about the bland circulation of this statement. It reminds me of the hyperbolic claims made for the late Stephen Phillips. He found himself, at one planetary leap, a classic to be compared as a poet with Dante and Milton, and, for his plays, with Marlowe and Webster, and "the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton."

Agreed, no one at the moment has classed Mr. Osborne with Dante or Milton, though we wait with anxiety to know what may happen if and when he decides to write verse. The blurb, after its look into the future, becomes calmer. It sees Mr. Osborne only as "the most promising young playwright to emerge since the war"—a high claim that, for the general public, is presumably based at present on "Look Back In Anger" and "The Entertainer." Elsewhere on the jacket the writer says of the earlier play that "the critics—some outraged, some widely [? wildly] enthusiastic—were unanimous about its force, its urgency, its blazing vitality." I cannot recall, at the moment, my own praise of the urgency and the blazing vitality of this piece which (I said in *The Illustrated London News* at the time) reminded me of "the sustained whine of an ancient tramcar coming down a steep hill." However, why look back in anger? The current play is "The Entertainer," running now at the Palace, in which Sir Laurence Olivier is giving one of the performances of his career: something that he does, at a rough estimate, once a season.

Olivier is a great actor, and essays have been written before now on the attachment of the major artist to the minor play. In this piece he appears as a tenth-rate hack comedian who says that he is "dead behind the eyes" but who, when Olivier acts him, can break our hearts. To read the text of "The Entertainer" is, in one sense, rather like reading the text of "The Bells." Many of us who were not lucky enough to see Irving in "The Bells" can merely take on trust what he did with it. Fifty years on—and I am making no prophecies about

the life of the piece—our descendants will have, similarly, to take on trust the tale of Olivier's performance in "The Entertainer."

It is now a better play than it was at the Royal Court—fossils of the first draft appear to be embedded in the printed text—but it remains little more than an exercise for a fine company (Brenda de Banzie and George Relph are again there to help Olivier during Archie Rice's progress). None would deny that Mr. Osborne, himself an actor, has that useful quality, a sense of the stage. But his two principal plays (and this is the better of them) are cheaply conceived and shoddily written. Read without knowledge of the Palace performance, "The Entertainer" must seem to be flat. Archie grows in the mind only if you remember Olivier's voice—uncannily created and entirely his own—his extraordinary timing, his absorption in the

part. I wrote about the voice when we heard it first in the spring, and I can simply repeat

here: "It is a voice that reminds one of cheap, flaking paint that cracks and blisters under the lights; the voice of a man who has listened to himself so long that he has ceased to hear himself; a voice that moves from tortured sub-gentility to a lip-splaying coarseness of tone."

This is a miraculous performance; and Brenda de Banzie, in sad, faded loyalty, and George Relph as Archie's father, are as accurate as before. But the play in which they appear is a thin contrivance. One word further. It is, no doubt, comically "old-fashioned" to protest against bad taste; and there is, I suppose, a certain pathos in the temporarily fashionable, assertive, devil-may-care, man's-man approach to religious belief. Still, though nobody could control the situation better than George Relph does now, I suggest that, in the context, those snatches of hymn-singing in "The Entertainer" are deplorably tasteless. I am not to be told that it is grand character-work, that forward-looking dramatists cannot bother about the fustiness of the past, and so on. The business is still gratuitously cheap. So, for that matter, is Archie Rice's last story. But, then, Archie is "having a go," and I suppose, when all is said, that this is what Mr. Osborne is doing—"having a go." I am not fond of his dramatic methods myself, but that may be my fault. Are we not informed that Archie is an immortal?

The Chinese Classical Theatre, at Drury Lane, removes us to a world of happy make-believe where, as the author of a most agreeable programme note observes, "The audience must not be surprised if an actor walks off the stage as a young man and returns a second later as an old man. Time simply does not matter to the Chinese dramatist. Geography is never a problem." Here, if a man waves a flag with fish painted on it, he is bringing in a flood or a wind-storm; if an actor laughs heartily, he is an upright gentleman; and a chair on a table becomes a throne.

There are many conventions; but few playgoers will follow them all during the progress of these superbly mimed and dressed episodes, an exciting surge and swirl of movement and colour. The most elaborate is "The Lady Warrior" (after which we shall cease to wonder at that Shakespearean stage direction, "The noise of a seafight"); and we recognise willingly the charm of "The Jade Bracelet" (the "young lady" is played by a male actor) and the craft of "The Wicked Innkeeper," which we have met before, acted by another company. The evening now, as then, is rare and rewarding.

I can hardly say that of Sartre's satirical farce, "Nekrassov," which has just reached the Royal Court Theatre. It is an intricate and loquacious jest about newspapers and politics in Paris; and though it moves slightly faster than at

Edinburgh, it is still an evening that sags midway. Its miscasting has been, I think, luckless; but George Benson, at least, is a joy as the little man who ends as top-dog, and Roddy McMillan's hopeless detective—one of Sartre's better creations—moves through life with gloomy acceptance. Neither character is an Immortal; both are rightly played.



A PLAY "IN WHICH SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER IS GIVING ONE OF THE PERFORMANCES OF HIS CAREER": "THE ENTERTAINER" (PALACE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM JOHN OSBORNE'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) BILLY RICE (GEORGE RELPH), ARCHIE RICE (LAURENCE OLIVIER) AND JEAN (JOAN PLOWRIGHT).



"AN INTRICATE AND LOQUACIOUS JEST ABOUT NEWSPAPERS AND POLITICS IN PARIS": SARTRE'S SATIRICAL FARCE, "NEKRASSOV" (ROYAL COURT), SHOWING NEKRASSOV (ROBERT HELPMANN) PROMINENT IN THE DRUNKEN ORGY.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "ARLECCHINO" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—A Goldoni comedy. (September 24.)
- "SHARE MY LETTUCE" (Comedy).—Revue, with Kenneth Williams. (September 25.)
- "ROAR LIKE A DOVE" (Phoenix).—Comedy by Lesley Storm. (September 26.)

* "The Entertainer" (Faber; ros. 6d.)

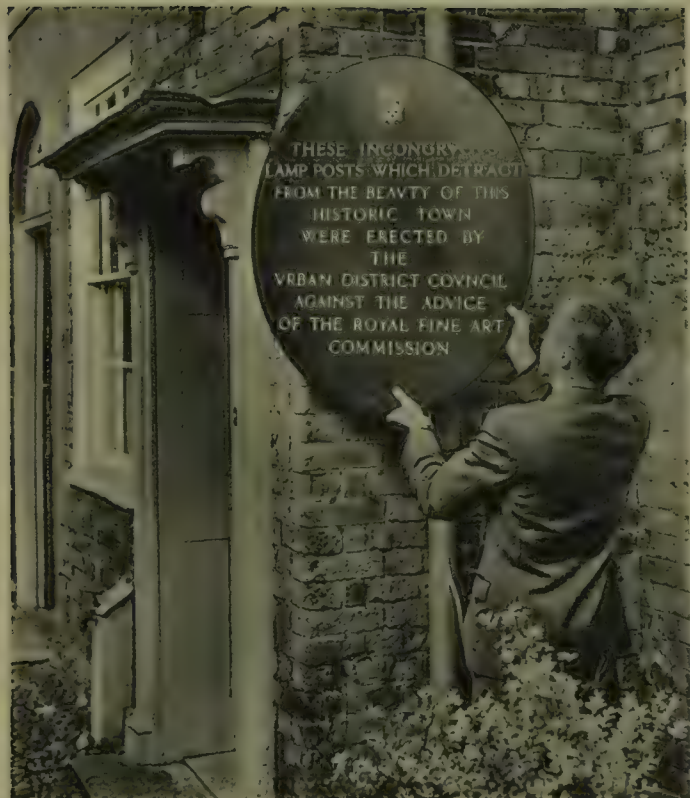
OLD AND NEW: A MISCELLANY FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.



(Left.)
A NEW DEVELOPMENT
IN THE HANDLING OF
LIQUID CARGOES:
THE SEALDTANK, A
GIANT RUBBER-FAB-
RIC CONTAINER, BEING
DEMONSTRATED IN
NEW YORK.

Looking like a giant
toothpaste tube, the
Sealdtank, which has
been developed by the
U.S. Rubber Co., can
hold nearly 4000 gal-
lons of liquid. Packed
into a small space
(left), it can be carried
on a lorry moving dry
cargo which, when
unloaded, is quickly
convertible to liquid
cargo (centre and
right).

(Right.)
BEING LAUNCHED AT
THE ALL BRITAIN
MODEL AIRCRAFT
RALLY ON RADLETT
AIRFIELD ON SEPT. 22:
A MODEL "FLYING
SAUCER," BUILT BY
AN ENTHUSIAST FROM
ENFIELD. THERE
WERE OVER 700 ENTRANTS AT THE RALLY.



SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON'S PROTEST AGAINST THE NEW LAMP-POSTS AT AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE: A NOTICE BEING PUT UP OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE. Professor Sir Albert Richardson, past President of the Royal Academy, was among those who protested against the erection of modern concrete lamp-posts in the Bedfordshire market town of Ampthill, and has had this notice put up outside his Georgian house, where he prefers to use candles, gas and oil lamps rather than electric light.



DEVELOPED IN THE UNITED STATES: TWO VINYL PLASTIC SILOS, EXAMPLES OF A NEW AND EFFECTIVE METHOD FOR THE ECONOMICAL STORAGE OF FODDER.

The greatest advantage of a silo made of Vinyl plastic is that while the gases formed during the heat reaction process can slowly escape, fresh oxygen can not get in. Quick sealing after filling therefore prevents mould growth, limits the respiration and temperature rise, and holds dry matter loss to a minimum.



TO BE PRESERVED IN A LOCOMOTIVE MUSEUM AT LEITH: THE OLD "1861," SAID TO BE BRITAIN'S OLDEST INDUSTRIAL ENGINE.

For nearly 100 years the old "1861" has worked on the railway connecting the Howe Bridge and Gib Field Collieries with the Bedford Basin, Leigh, Lancs. The old engine is now to be placed in a locomotive museum at Leith, the Scottish town where it was built in 1861.



SOON TO BE USED FOR THE MEASUREMENT OF SKIN TEMPERATURES IN THE ANTARCTIC: A COPPER WIRE VEST AND GLOVES BEING DEMONSTRATED IN LONDON.

Underclothes and gloves knitted from copper wire and designed for the measurement of mean skin temperatures, will be among the equipment of an Anglo-American expedition of physiologists, which is shortly to leave for the Antarctic, to study man's reactions to extreme cold. One of the British members of the expedition, Major J. M. Adam, is seen here demonstrating the wire clothing with the assistance of a student from Lagos.

ANIMALS OF THE CLOUD JUNGLES: A QUEST IN THE TROPICAL HIGHLANDS OF



BRILLIANT AGAINST THE DEEP BLUE OF A TROPICAL SKY: THE SCARLET MACAW, WHICH FLIES RAPIDLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE FOLIAGE IN PAIRS. THESE BIRDS DIVE ABRUPTLY INTO THE TREES AND PREEN THEMSELVES IN THE SHADE.

FOR some years Drs. Lorus and Margery Milne have been contributors to the American magazine *Natural History* and they have also written a number of books together, including "Famous Naturalists" and "The World of Night," the latter being based on their explorations in North and Central America. On these pages we reproduce a number of photographs by

(Continued opposite.)



A MUCH-UGHT-AFTER DELICACY ALONG THE CARIBBEAN COASTS OF CENTRAL AMERICA: THE SPINY LOBSTER, WHICH LACKS THE TWO LARGE CLAWS.



AN UNPLEASANT BUT COLOURFUL COUNTERPART: THE KING VULTURE, WHICH HAS WHITE EYES, A RED NECK AND AN ORANGE WATTLE AND COLLAR AND A SINISTER APPEARANCE.

(Continued.)

Drs. Lorus and Milne which illustrated an article they contributed to *Natural History* in which they described how they drove to the "cloud jungles" in the tropical highlands of Honduras. Their journey was made, primarily, to search for "the Central American symbol of freedom—that vanishing bird of flaming feathers, the quetzal." After many adventures, borne cheerfully and with patience, the two hardy motorists reached the village of Zamorano, some twenty-three miles from Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Here they were welcomed by Dr. Popenoe, Director of the *Escuela Agrícola Panamericana*, who, with his son, Hugh, guided them to the "cloud jungles"—the forests on the cloud-clad mountain summits—and to the river valleys where they saw and photographed animals and plants in their tropical habitat. They made many trips, in hazardous country, in a station wagon; one of the most delightful of these was to the Choluteca River, where they found the almost legendary four-eyed fish, *Anableps*, swimming in flotillas and skipping over the water. As these fish cruise along "like a surfaced submarine, the

(Continued opposite.)



STILL WITH NAKED BREASTS AND HAVING A DISTINCTLY DOLEFUL APPEARANCE: FIVE BABY PARROTS IN PINFEATHERS. THEY SPEND MOST OF THE DAY SLEEPING, WAKING CHIEFLY FOR FOOD.



CAUGHT IN THE JUNGLE: A YOUNG COATI WHICH RESENTED BEING HELD BUT WAS OTHERWISE AS PLAYFUL AS A KITTEN. COATIS HAVE SPREAD, RECENTLY FROM CENTRAL AMERICA, THROUGH MEXICO, INTO THE SOUTH-WEST OF THE U.S.A.



THE MOST DANGEROUS OF CENTRAL AMERICAN ANIMALS: THE COLLARED PECCARY, A WILD PIG WHICH TRAVELS PRINCIPALLY BY NIGHT IN PACKS NUMBERING FIFTY TO A HUNDRED. CRASHING THEIR RAZOR-SHARP TEETH, THEY WILL CHARGE ANY INTRUDER THAT FRIGHTENS THEM. THEIR STRONG ODOUR DOES, HOWEVER, GIVE A PUNGENT WARNING OF THEIR PROXIMITY.



IN HER HOME IN THE CLOUD JUNGLE: A HEN QUETZAL, WHICH HAS A STUBBY TAIL AND BLACK BILL, AND IS NOT SO BRILLIANTLY PLUMAGED AS THE MALE BIRD. THE ONLY RED VISIBLE ON HER UNDERPARTS IS WELL BACK.

HONDURAS FOR THE LIVING SYMBOL OF CENTRAL AMERICA—THE QUETZAL.



SWIMMING IN FORMATION ON THE CHOLUTECA RIVER: FOUR-EYED FISH (*ANABLEPS TETRAOPHTHALMUS*) WHICH CAN BE SEEN FROM A DISTANCE AS GLISTENING WHITE BUBBLES (THEIR PROTRUDING EYES) FOLLOWED BY LITTLE V'S OF WAKE.

(Continued.)

upper pupil in each eye looks into air and permits the fish a binocular field upward and forward. At the same time, the lower pupil faces into water and gives the fish a binocular view directly downward and ahead." Another fascinating trip made by Drs. Lorus and Milne in the Zamorano region was to the "weeping woods"—the cloud jungle on top of Mount Yyuca, a 6300-ft.-high peak, but where, strangely enough, they found very few animals. Twice the travellers made the trip to the San Juancito Mountains to visit a larger cloud jungle, and on the first occasion, after parking the car on an upper slope, they arrived breathless at the top "just in time to see a flash of green fire trailing behind a rose-breasted bird that sparkled like a jewel as it streaked across the road. It was a male quetzal—most resplendent of the trogons—flirting his yard-long tail as he raced before us to vanish into the jungle. The steep road had led us into the haunts of history. Here was the quetzal—the symbol of wild freedom—and here the lurking viper, agent of death. Ages before, the Mayans had known these two. They had built a new civilisation in Central America based on corn and black beans and had then declined. They linked the glory of this bird with the terror of the snake in visualising their plumed serpent-god, which the Aztecs later worshipped as *Quetzacoatl*." During their second visit to the San Juancito cloud jungle Drs. Lorus and Milne followed "wings of mist through the weeping woods, searching among the moist foliage for quetzal as though it were the end of a green-blue rainbow." Again they saw these magnificent birds which "only so long as there are cloud jungles large enough to make them feel at home will... continue as living symbols of Central America." [Photographs by Drs. Lorus and Margery Milne.]



MOST RESPLENDENT OF THE TROGONS: THE COCK QUETZAL, WITH ITS LONG LEAF-GREEN TAIL FEATHERS, FIERY RED BREAST AND LEMON-YELLOW BILL. IT EXECUTES INTRICATE AERIAL ACROBATICS IN THE PRESENCE OF A PROSPECTIVE MATE. THE SPREAD OF AGRICULTURE TO THE PEAKS THREATENS THE EXISTENCE OF THE QUETZAL.



CLAMBERING OVER JUNGLE TREES ON THE SHORES OF THE CHOLUTECA RIVER: A 6-FT.-LONG IGUANA WHICH FEEDS ON INSECTS AND FRUIT. WHEN DISTURBED IT WILL DROP TO THE GROUND AND SCURRY OFF, OR PLUNGE INTO THE RIVER AND STAY SUBMERGED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES OR MORE.

The steep road had led us into the haunts of history. Here was the quetzal—the symbol of wild freedom—and here the lurking viper, agent of death. Ages before, the Mayans had known these two. They had built a new civilisation in Central America based on corn and black beans and had then declined. They linked the glory of this bird with the terror of the snake in visualising their plumed serpent-god, which the Aztecs later worshipped as *Quetzacoatl*." During their second visit to the San Juancito cloud jungle Drs. Lorus and Milne followed "wings of mist through the weeping woods, searching among the moist foliage for quetzal as though it were the end of a green-blue rainbow." Again they saw these magnificent birds which "only so long as there are cloud jungles large enough to make them feel at home will... continue as living symbols of Central America." [Photographs by Drs. Lorus and Margery Milne.]

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WE are now saying good-bye to a charming talent, minor but unique. It was inevitable that "Palma," by Daniele Varè (Methuen; 15s.), should be called a swan-song; yet for once nothing could be happier. The romantic image, even the hint of cliché is in keeping, and Varè has never been more himself. His art is to merge reality with fiction in a tale as desultory as though it were all true, when it is far too glamorous, romantic and fragrant to be true. And that is just what he does in "Palma." It is 1912; and the author is about to sail for Peking as First Secretary, when he has a visitor with an ancient, rather bad name—Ruggiero d'Altavilla, a descendant of Roger d'Hauteville, who conquered Sicily. This renaissance throw-back gives him a message for certain people in Tientsin—a merchant and a convent of nuns—who are looking after a little girl. Palma is his child; and "if anything should happen to him," his sister Sibilla is prepared to take over.

When the envoy reaches his destination something has already happened at Altavilla. But the child is flourishing, as the ward of an enormously fat, rich, unscrupulous racketeer, whose word is his bond. Strangely, she doesn't look like a half-caste, but has Titian hair and freckles. Stranger still, no one seems to have any clue to the mother. She may have been Russian. She probably died in childbirth. Mr. Wang probably knows, but won't let on. Certainly this was during the Boxer chaos, but . . . there it is, however. Palma—an extremely "white" child, quicksilver and wilful—is legitimised under Italian law, and invited to Europe by her aunt, the Princess of Aragon. But the war intervenes, and the diplomat and his family watch her growing up. Will she ever go European? The chief impediment is Mr. Wang's nephew, a dazzlingly beautiful actor of women's parts, ineptly called Sonny Boy. And in due course, the counter-attraction is revealed as a "little man," a rather bad painter, who turns out to be the long-descended Duc de Joyeuse, and to be labouring under a family Doom and an obscure affliction. . . .

Finally we learn about Palma's mother. Yet there is really no drama; there never is. And surely no one has ever mystified with a better grace, or evoked so charming a world-wide clique of the elect.

OTHER FICTION.

"Sullivan," by Walter Macken (Macmillan; 15s.), is romantic fiction pure and simple, though rooted in the town of Galway, like its inventor. The hero was named Terence Anthony, and has therefore early decided to be just Sullivan. He is a glittering little boy, a born actor—only he stutters occasionally. That is one of his burdens; another is the drab borderline poverty of Duke Street. Though to be sure, he has at least a clean home and sober parents, while his friend Pi lives in a filthy, condemned cottage with a couple of drunks. But, then, little white-haired Pi is as good as gold, making no demands, content always to be the follower and the unlucky one. Thus, it is Sullivan who insists on climbing into the orchard where an old recluse lives with a little girl; it is Pi who gets hung up by the seat of his trousers. And so they meet Bernie. But later on, though her grandfather has cured the stutter with a volume of Shakespeare, he won't hear of a betrothal. And Sullivan goes haughtily off to make his fortune. It is a long road, via Dublin, London and New York; and but for Pi, he would have lost himself at the end of it. Very warm-hearted; and especially genial on its native soil.

"White Man's Test," by Pierre Boulle (Secker and Warburg; 14s.), is a kind of satirical fable, or romance, about the inferiority of civilisation and the horrors of the French General Certificate. Sinang, a small tropical island off Sumatra, has only a handful of Europeans; and when the Japanese come, the only survivor is Marie-Helen. This child, saved and adopted by the Malay kampong, afterwards "proves" herself a Malay by getting full marks in a Nationalist inquisition on belief and custom. She is then fourteen. She marries her foster-brother Moktu. She is betrayed to the whites by a malicious ex-houseboy, and kidnapped "for her own good"—but with a promise of return when she is "grown up." That is (she concludes in France) on passing the General Certificate. *Dismal error! fearful slaughter! . . .* and, on the whole, rather a jumble: though the envious houseboy, and Marie-Helen's cramming-delirium, are brilliant spots.

"The Pretty Ones," by Dorothy Eden (Macdonald; 10s. 6d.), once more features a scared bride in a strange house. Emma has been swept off her feet by Barnaby Court, who writes crime stories and turns out to have an ex-wife and twins. Furthermore, Josephine has vanished (improbably) up the Amazon, forgetting the children's holidays. So the honeymoon in Spain becomes a house party with a couple of little ghouls (who insist that their mother is dead), in a Victorian-genteel version of Cold Comfort Farm. It is a place of tappings on the windows, dead mice in the beds, mutterings about the "death candle"—and, of course, disappearing "pretty ones." And a nameless grave. . . . Not only eerie but attractive.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE clock is coming more and more into the chess news. It seems incredible now that, for some thirteen centuries, chess was played without clocks at all. Matters reached a head when, at the London tournament of 1851, players began to take as much as two hours per move. Hour-glasses were introduced; soon after the first chess clock was invented, and now, one sometimes wonders whether the clock is beginning to rule the game completely.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I should explain the working of the chess clock. This consists of two ordinary clocks clamped together side by side. Each clock "belongs" to one of the players. The apparatus is set down at the side of the board. As long as a player is cogitating his move, his clock should be going. As soon as he makes his move, he presses a button which stops his clock and starts his opponent's. Thus "his" clock adds up the time he takes on his various moves. If he takes one minute, three minutes and five minutes respectively over his first three moves, his clock should then register nine minutes.

World Championship matches are played with a time allowance of two and a half hours for forty moves; if a player exceeds the period by as much as a fraction of a second in making his fortieth move, he forfeits the game. Less important games are played at a faster rate, the quickest I have known for serious chess being thirty moves per hour.

Draughts (checkers) used to be played at a uniform maximum of five minutes per move. Because it is ridiculous to give a man the same allowance for an obvious move as when he has before him an extremely complex situation, however, draughts players are using "chess clocks" now.

At the Paignton tournament recently, against R. G. Wade, having made fifteen moves in some twelve minutes, I was able to devote over an hour to my sixteenth. There was an amusing sequel. Two days later a gentleman came up to me saying, "I came over from Sidmouth on Wednesday specially to see you, but I only had an hour to spare before my train went; I waited by the ropes for the whole of that time, but you never made a move!"

The clock hit one recent match in New York with a bang: Reshevsky v. Byrne in the Manhattan Chess Club. Both these players are prone to use their time so extravagantly in the earlier stages that they have to make several moves at breakneck speed.

In one game Byrne exceeded his time limit, but Reshevsky, his attention concentrated on the board because he himself had only a fraction of a second for his next three or four moves, did not notice this. Byrne suggested they agree the game a draw. Reshevsky accepted the proposal, then caught sight of the clock and claimed that Byrne had lost. The referee ruled the game drawn, holding that the agreement to draw had brought it to an end and that any claims made subsequently were void.

A subsequent game produced another hectic time-scramble.

This time both players exceeded their time with their quota of moves incomplete. Reshevsky was the first to notice this and immediately claimed the game. It was Byrne's turn to move, however, and the referee pointed out that only the player whose turn it is to move may claim. Whereupon Byrne claimed the game and was awarded it!

(This rule aims to prevent the non-player from distracting his opponent with claims. It certainly operated harshly against Reshevsky here.)

Reshevsky appealed over the referee's head to the organising committee against both these rulings. The committee upheld the first, but held that the second game should count a draw.

Apparently in protest against these decisions, Byrne failed to turn up for the next game, his clock time ran out without his making a move and the referee awarded Reshevsky the game. The committee met again and decided to annul this decision, offering Byrne the chance to play the game again. Whereupon the referee resigned!

Sir George Thomas was once asked after some particularly acrimonious dispute in a Continental tournament, "How would you treat such a case in England?" His reply: "Such a case would not arise in England!"

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM WELLINGTON TO "THE GOLDEN BOUGH."

"WHEN Wellington thrashed Bonaparte"—the more one studies the great Duke of Wellington the more one is astounded by his protean virtues. To read his despatches, particularly those written at the time of the Congress of Vienna, is to realise that here, in addition to a great soldier, was one of the wisest and most far-sighted diplomats this country has ever possessed. A book which will therefore appeal to many other than those who can write "p.s.c." after their names, is "Wellington's Headquarters: A Study of the Administrative Problems in the Peninsula 1809-1814," by S. G. P. Ward (Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, 30s.). The structure of the eighteenth-century British Army, with which its generals set out to beat the French revolutionaries and Napoleon, almost defies description for its complexity and the inefficiency which complexity bred.

Divided loyalties, lack of training in the elements of staff duties, problems of handling officers who could and did report to a superior back in England and over whom Wellington had no control; it is little wonder that he exclaimed: "I have got an infamous Army—and an inexperienced staff"—though in his mind the word "staff" was extended to cover all his principal commanding officers.

Nevertheless, there was never any doubt, in spite of the shortcomings of the machinery, as to who was in complete command in the Peninsula. Stewart, half-brother of Lord Castlereagh, Wellington's patron and protector, was so foolish as to stand on his rights as Adjutant-General and indulged in what Wellington called the "foolish pretension" of questioning prisoners of war. In the subsequent and famous scene the haughty Northern Irish aristocrat was reduced to tears! Craufurd he tamed, Willoughby Gordon he turned into a subservient tool. Such is the force of personality (aided, it must be added, by poor communications with home) that Wellington was able to be an almost complete dictator—though even here there were limitations on his powers to which he submitted with surprising meekness—so that the Army was Wellington, and his staff moulded to his wishes. If a General fresh from "an inspiring campaign in Hyde Park" was incautious enough to ask "the Marquess" what he would do in a certain situation—emphasising its difficulties on the tablecloth, he would get no more satisfaction than a gruff, "Give them the most infernal thrashing they have had for some time."

Perhaps Wellington was aided in overcoming his administrative problems by the fact that his subordinates did not suffer from age, which is the enemy of innovation. He was himself not quite 40 when reappointed in 1809. Murray (the nearest approach to a Chief of Staff he had) was 37; Stewart 31; and Bathurst 27. For those who are interested in the detail of military administration this book has obvious attractions. For those who are fascinated by the study of yet another side of the greatness of a very great man, it will have still more.

Mr. John R. Rath, in "The Viennese Revolution of 1848" (University of Texas Press; 6.50 dollars), deals at some length, and with considerable erudition, with the confused and confusing events which took place in the Austrian capital. Indeed, for students of the period this book may well become a standard text book, while the general reader will find it a sad commentary on the naive belief that you can, in modern times, have a "controlled" revolution which will stop conveniently at the point which you, as an idealist, have chosen. Mr. Rath writes agreeably and the story he has to tell is interesting. He has certain mannerisms which are a trifle disconcerting to the European reader. He talks of "Ball Square." It took me an appreciable moment or two to recognise the Ballplatz in this. For if "Ball Square" why not "Court Tower" for Hofburg? And I cannot believe that any nineteenth-century subject of the Hapsburgs, however revolutionary, would have used whatever the dog-German equivalent is of the vile word "obligated"! However, these are minor criticisms of a valuable book.

It is always fascinating to see ourselves as others see us and "Taine's Notes on England" (Thames and Hudson; 25s.), translated and with an

introduction by Edward Hyams, is an attractive addition to this form of literature. The great French historian made two, and probably three, extended visits to nineteenth-century England. He was vastly impressed, as indeed anyone who believed in the perfectibility of human nature through material progress, that comforting if now exploded heresy, must have been. The notes are written with perception and gentle humour. He was impressed by our ancestors. It is all very agreeable, and we are much indebted to the scholarly Mr. Hyams for his enterprise.

With publishers' costs soaring, the paper-back assumes an increasingly important rôle in our enjoyment. I must therefore at least mention a batch of near-classics of our times produced by the St. Martin's Library (Macmillan). These range from three plays of Sean O'Casey at 3s. to "The Golden Bough" in two volumes at 6s. each. Excellent value.

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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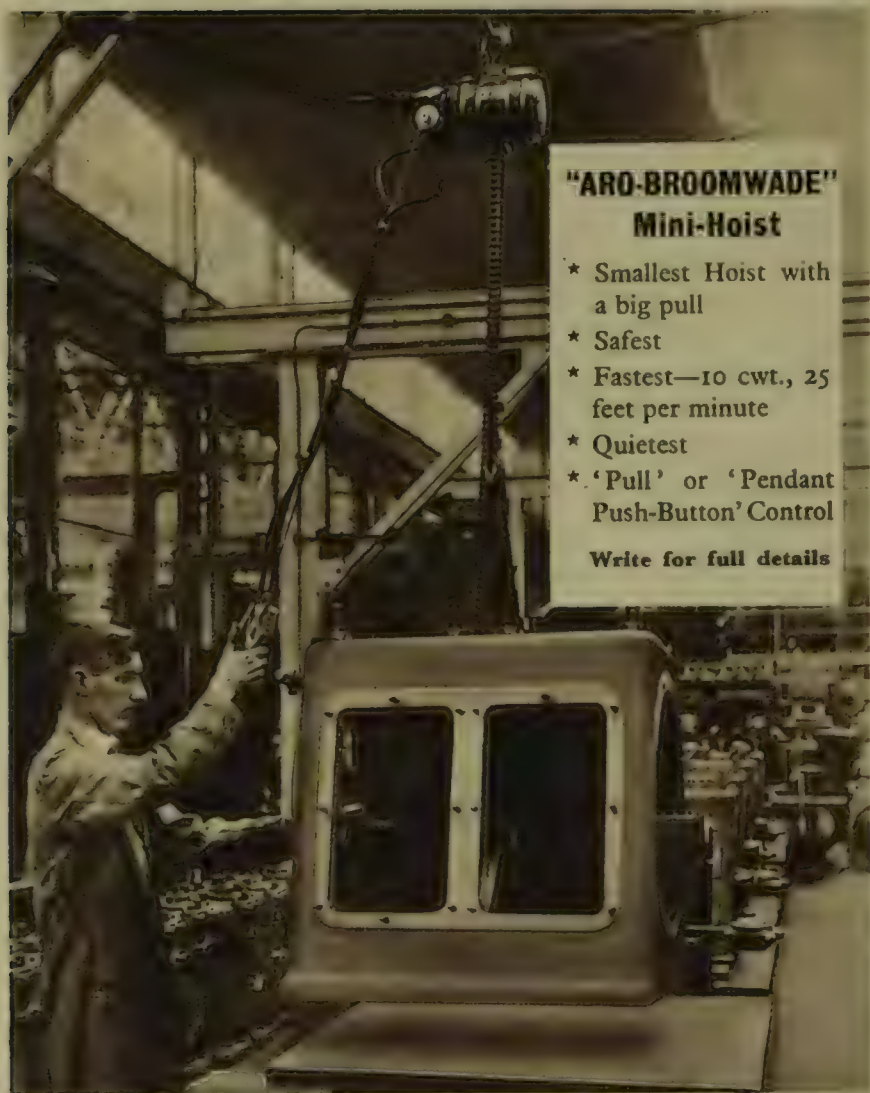
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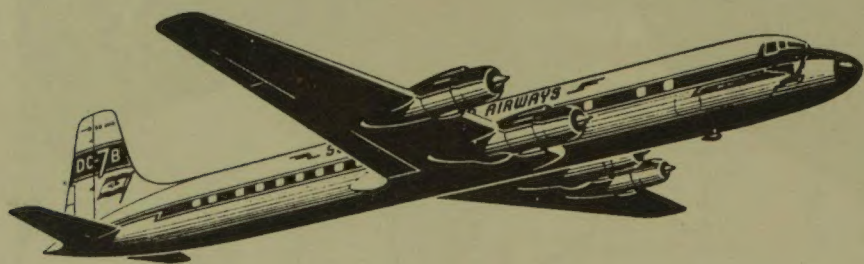
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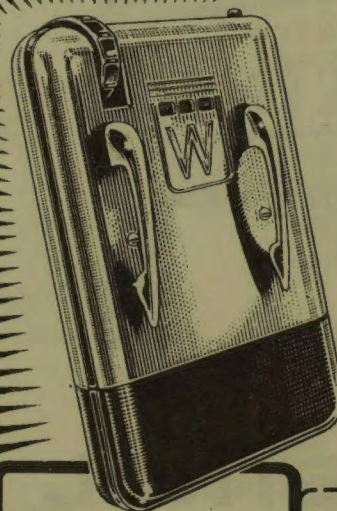
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